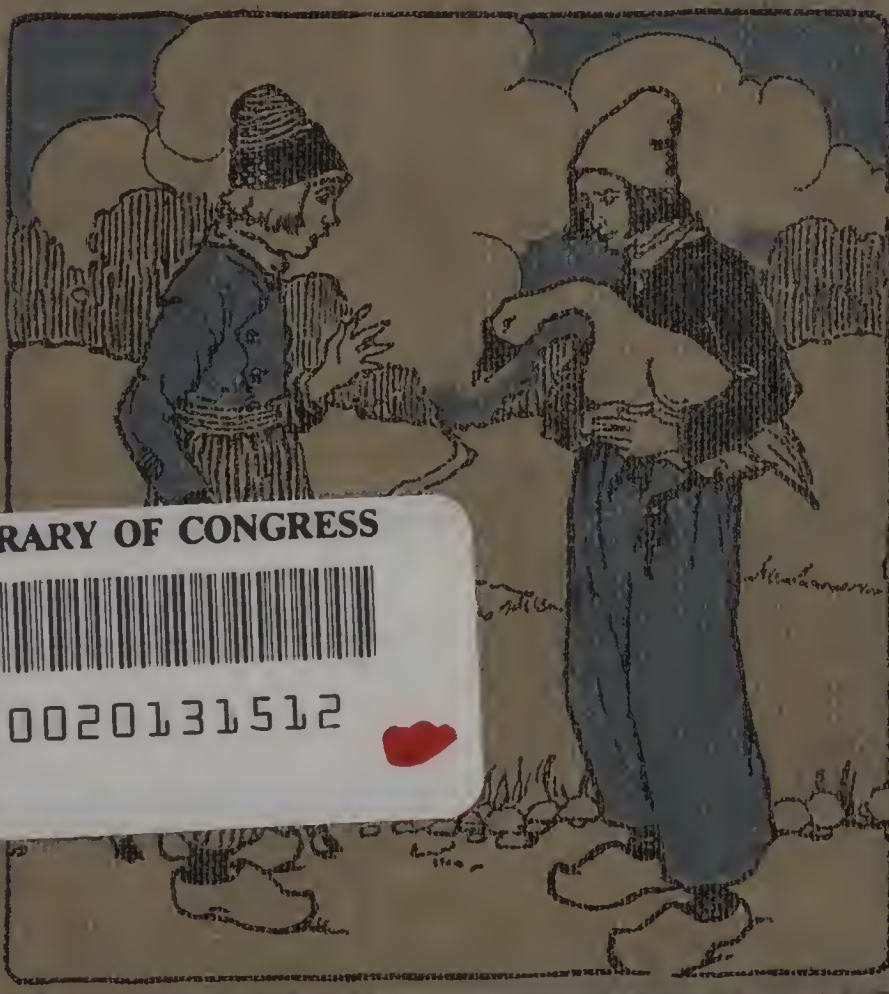
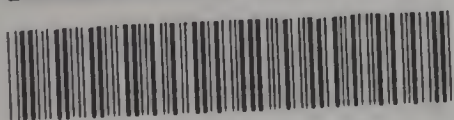


GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

PART TWO

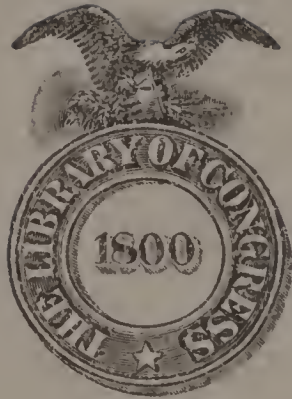


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Grimm, Jakob Ludwig Karl

Grimm's Fairy Tales

Edited by
Sara E. Wiltse
Author of
"Stories for Kindergartens," Etc.

Illustrated by
Blanche Fisher Laite

Part Two

Ginn and Company

Boston - New York - Chicago - London
Atlanta - Dallas - Columbus - San Francisco

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The Athenæum Press

GINN AND COMPANY • PRO-
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OCT 15 '23

PREFACE

FOR this new edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales we have endeavored to select from the classic folk tales collected by the Grimm brothers those which are most suitable for children. To the stories contained in Part II of our former work have been added others, all of which are presented in simple narrative form with beautiful illustrations by Blanche Fisher Laite.

Tales showing kindness to animals and illustrating the unity of life under various conditions, those foreshadowing steam and electric power, and dramas of conscience, duty, and will have been included; while those containing such features as cruel stepmothers, unnatural fathers, and magic interposition in favor of idlers and tricksters have been omitted. In short, this volume is designed to delight and instruct the young reader and to be representative of the spirit of the Grimm brothers, who made immortal the folk tales they loved.

SARA E. WILTSE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE THREE LANGUAGES	3
THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD	10
THE ELFIN GROVE	23
THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN	40
THE WATER OF LIFE	47
THE FOX AND THE CAT	65
THE TWELVE HUNTERS	69
THE SEVEN CROWS	78
THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN . . .	85
THE BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER . . .	90
LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES	102
THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE, AND THE NEEDLE	120
THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL	129
THE SEVEN SWABIANS	156
HOW SIX TRAVELED THROUGH THE WORLD . . .	163
THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD	178
THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK	186
THE WOLF AND THE MAN	193
THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE	197
HANS IN LUCK	213
THE THREE SLUGGARDS	229

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

PART II





THE THREE LANGUAGES

IN SWITZERLAND there lived an old count who had an only son who was thought to be quite stupid and seemed never to learn anything. One day the father said: "My son, listen to what I have to say. Do all I may I can knock nothing into your head; now you shall go away, and a wise master shall try his hand with you."

So the youth was sent to a foreign city and remained a whole year with his master. At the end of that time he returned.

His father asked him at once what he

had learned, and he replied, "My father, I have learned what the dogs bark."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the father, "is this all you have learned? I will send you to some other city, to another master."

So the youth went away a second time, and after remaining a year with his master he came home again.

His father asked him, as before, what he had learned, and he replied, "I have learned what the birds sing."

This answer put the father in a passion, and he exclaimed: "Oh, you prodigal! Has all this precious time passed, and have you learned nothing? Are you not ashamed to come into my presence? Once more, I will send you to a third master; but if you learn nothing this time, I will no longer be a father to you."

With this third master the boy re-

THE THREE LANGUAGES

mained, as before, a twelvemonth, and when he came back to his father he told him that he had learned the language that the frogs croak.

At this the father flew into a great rage and, calling his people together, said: "This youth is no longer my son. I cast him off, and command that you lead him into the forest and take away his life."

The servants led the youth away into the forest, but they had not the heart to kill him, so they let him go.

The young man wandered about, and after some time came to a castle, where he asked for a night's lodging.

The lord of the castle said: "Yes, if you will sleep down below. There is the tower. You may go, but I warn you that it is very perilous, for it is full of wild dogs which bark and howl at every-

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

one, and at certain hours a man must be thrown to them, whom they devour."

Now on account of these dogs the whole country round was in terror and sorrow, for no one could prevent their ravages; but the youth, being afraid of nothing, said: "Only let me in to these barking hounds, and give me something to throw to them. They will not harm me."

Since he himself wished it, they gave him some meat for the wild hounds and let him into the tower. As soon as he entered, the dogs ran about him quite in a friendly way, wagging their tails and never once barking. They ate the meat he brought and did not attempt to do him the least injury.

The next morning, to the astonishment of everyone, he came forth unharmed and told the lord of the castle:

THE THREE LANGUAGES

“The hounds have informed me in their language why they thus waste and bring terror upon the land. They have the guardianship of a large treasure beneath the tower, and till that is raised they have no rest. In what way and manner this is to be done I have also understood from them.”

At these words everyone rejoiced. The task was soon accomplished, the wild hounds disappeared, and the country was freed from that plague.

After some time the youth got into a carriage and set out on the road to Rome. On the way he passed a swamp where the frogs sat croaking. The young count listened, and when he heard what they said he became thoughtful and sad, but he told no one the secret of his sorrow.

At last he arrived at Rome and found that a great ruler had just died, and

there was a contention among the people as to who should be his successor. They at length resolved that he on whom some miraculous sign should be shown should be elected.

Just as they had thus resolved, the young count stepped into the church, and suddenly two snow-white doves flew down, one on each of his shoulders, and remained perched there. The people recognized in this the sign they required, and asked him on the spot whether he would be their ruler.

The young count was undecided and knew not whether he was worthy; but the doves whispered to him that he might take the honor, and so he consented.

Then he was anointed and consecrated; and so was fulfilled what the frogs had prophesied and which had so disturbed him—that he should become

THE THREE LANGUAGES

the ruler of a great country. Upon his election he had to sing a sacred song of which he knew nothing, but the two doves sitting upon his shoulders told him both the words and the music.



THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

ONCE upon a time, near a large forest, there dwelt a woodcutter and his wife who had only one child, a little girl three years old. They were so poor that they had scarcely food enough for every day in the week, and often they did not know what they should get to eat.

One morning the woodcutter, with his heart full of care, went into the woods to work; and as he chopped the trees there stood before him a tall and beautiful woman having a crown of shining

THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

stars upon her head, who thus spoke: "I am the Guardian Angel of every good child. 'Thou art poor and needy; bring me thy child, and I will take her with me. I will be her mother, and she shall be under my care.'"

The woodcutter, calling his child, gave her to the angel, who carried her to the land of Happiness.

There she ate sweet bread and drank pure milk; her clothes were of gold, and her playmates were beautiful children. When she had been there a long time the Guardian Angel called her to her side and said: "My dear child, I have a long journey for thee. Take these keys of the thirteen doors of the land of Happiness; twelve of them thou mayest open and behold the glories therein, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, thou art forbidden to open. Be-

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

ware! if thou dost disobey, harm will befall thee which would make me sad."

The maiden promised to obey, and when the Guardian Angel was gone she began her visits to the mansions of Happiness. A little girl went with her, and every day one door was unclosed until they had seen all the twelve. In each mansion there sat an angel in a bright light.

Now the forbidden door was yet locked, and the maiden said, "I will not quite open it, nor will I go in, but I will only unlock the door, so that we may peep through the chink."

"No, no," said the child; "that will be a sin. The Guardian Angel has forbidden it, and evil would soon fall upon us."

At this the maiden was silent, but she still so wished in her heart to unlock the door that she had no peace.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

One day all the children were away, and she thought, "Now I am alone and can peep in; no one will know what I do." So she found the keys and, taking them in her hand, placed the right one in the lock and turned it around.

The door sprang open, and she saw three angels sitting on a throne, a great light shining around them. The maiden stood a little while, and then putting her finger in the light she drew it back and found it covered with gold. Then great alarm seized her and, shutting the door hastily, she ran away. But her fear became more and more, and her heart beat so that she thought it would burst. The gold also on her finger would not come off, although she washed it and rubbed it with all her strength.

Not long afterwards the Guardian Angel came back from her journey and,

THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

calling the maiden to her, asked for the keys of the mansion. As she gave them up the angel looked in her face and asked, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," answered the maiden.

Then the angel laid her hand upon the maiden's heart and felt how it was beating, and she knew that the child had opened the door. Then she asked again, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," said the maiden, for the second time.

Then the angel saw that the child's finger had become golden from touching the light, and she knew that the child was guilty. She asked her for the third time, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," said the maiden, again.

Then the Guardian Angel said, "Thou

Blanche Fisher Laite



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

hast not obeyed me; thou art no longer worthy to remain among good children.”

And the maiden sank down into a deep sleep, and when she awoke she found herself in the midst of a forest. She wished to call out, but she had lost her voice. Then she sprang up and tried to run away, but wherever she turned thick bushes held her back, so that she could not escape.

In the lonely spot in which she was now shut there stood an old hollow tree. This was her house. In this place she slept by night, and when it rained and blew she found shelter within it. Roots and wild berries were her food. In the autumn she picked up the fallen leaves and laid them in her hollow tree, and when the frost and snow of winter came she clothed herself with them, for her clothes had dropped into rags. But

THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

during the sunshine she sat outside the tree, and her long hair fell down on all sides and covered her like a mantle. Thus she lived a long time in misery.

But once, when the trees had become green again, the king of the country was hunting in the forest, and as a bird flew into the bushes he cut a path through them with his sword. When he had at last made his way through, he saw a beautiful maiden, who was clothed from head to foot with her own golden locks, sitting under the tree.

He stood in silence and looked at her for some time. At last he said, "Child, how came you in this forest?"

But the maiden answered not, for she had become dumb.

Then the king asked, "Will you go with me to my castle?"

At that she nodded her head, and the

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

king, taking her in his arms, put her on his horse and rode away home. Then he gave her beautiful clothing and all else that she needed. Still she could not speak; but her beauty was so great and so won the king's heart that after a little while he married her.

After a time she had a little baby, and then the Guardian Angel appeared to her and said: "Wilt thou tell the truth and confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door? For then will I open thy mouth and give thee again the power of speech; but if thou wilt not, then will I take from thee thy newborn babe."

And the power to answer was given to her, but her heart was hard, and she said, "No, I did not open the door."

At these words the Guardian Angel took the child out of her arms and went away with him.

THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

The next morning, when the child was not to be seen, a murmur arose among the people that their queen had destroyed her only son; but although she heard everything, she could say nothing. The king did not believe the ill report because of his great love for her.

Another son was born, and on the night of his birth the Guardian Angel again appeared and asked: "Wilt thou confess that thou didst open the forbidden door? Then will I restore to thee thy son and give thee the power of speech; but if not, then will I take this newborn babe also with me."

Then the queen answered again, "No, I did not open the door." So the angel took the second child out of her arms and bore him away.

On the morrow, when the infant could not be found, the people said openly that

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

the queen had slain him, and the king's men advised that she should be brought to trial. But the king would not believe it, and commanded his men never again to mention the report on pain of death.

The next year a beautiful little girl was born, and for the third time the Guardian Angel appeared and said to the queen, "Follow me"; and taking her by the hand she led her to the kingdom of Happiness and showed to her the two other children, who were playing merrily.

The queen rejoiced at the sight, and the angel said: "Is thy heart not yet softened? If thou wilt confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door, then will I restore to thee both thy sons."

But the queen answered again, "No, I did not open it," and at these words

THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD

she sank upon the earth, and her third child was taken from her.

When this was told the next day, all the people cried, "The queen is a murderer!" and as the king could not prove her innocent she was condemned to die.

Wood was brought, she was bound to the stake, and a fire was lighted around her.

Then the iron pride of her heart began to soften, and she thought, "Could I but now, before my death, confess that I opened the door!" And her tongue was loosened, and she cried aloud, "Thou good angel, I confess."

At these words the rain fell from heaven and put out the fire. Then a great light shone above, and the angel appeared upon the earth, and by her side were the queen's two sons, one on

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

her right hand and the other on her left, and in her arms she bore the newborn babe.

The angel gave to the queen her three children and, loosening her tongue, promised her a happy future, and said, "Whoever will repent and confess sin shall be forgiven."



THE ELFIN GROVE

AS AN honest woodman was sitting one evening, after his work was done, talking with his wife, he said: "I hope the children will not run into that grove by the side of the river. It looks more gloomy than ever. The old oak tree is sadly blasted and torn; and some odd folks, I am sure, are lurking about there, but who they are nobody knows." The woodman, however, could not say that they brought ill luck, whatever they were; for everyone said that the village had thriven more

than ever of late, that the fields looked gayer and greener, that even the sky was of a deeper blue, and that the moon and stars shed a brighter light. So, not knowing what to think, the good people very wisely let the newcomers alone, and, in truth, seldom said or thought anything at all about them.

That very evening the woodman's daughter, Roseken, and her playfellow, Martin, ran out to have a game of hide and seek. Roseken began the game by being the first to cover her eyes. After counting one hundred, which gave Martin time to hide, she began the search for him. She looked behind a rock near the river; he was not there. She peeped under a tangle of vines that made a green tent over some shrubs; neither was he there.

"Where can he be hidden?" said she,

THE ELFIN GROVE

thinking to make him laugh and so reveal his hiding-place. Just then she was surprised and delighted to see a little dog leaping and frisking about, as if to lead her to her playfellow. Of course she followed the dog, quite forgetting the gloom of the grove into which he ran.

She followed the frisky creature up the bank and to the side of an old oak tree as if she were bewitched. Once beside the oak Roseken was overjoyed to see a beautiful meadow where flowers and shrubs of every kind grew upon turf of the softest green, gay butterflies flew about, birds sang sweetly, and, what was strangest of all, the prettiest of little children played about on all sides, some making wreaths and others dancing in rings upon the smooth grass. In the midst of the grove, instead of the hovels of which Roseken had heard, she saw a

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

wonderful, shining palace that dazzled her eyes with its brightness.

For a while she gazed on the fairy scene, till at last one of the little dancers ran up to her, and said: "And so, pretty Roseken, you are come at last to see us? We have often seen you play about, and wished to have you with us." Then she plucked some of the fruit that grew near, and Roseken at the first taste forgot her home, and wished only to see and know more of her fairy friends. So she jumped down from the bank and joined the merry dance.

They led her about with them and showed her all their sports. For a while they danced by moonlight on the primrose banks; at another time they skipped from bough to bough among the trees that hung over the cooling streams, for they moved as lightly and easily

THE ELFIN GROVE

through the air as on the ground. And Roseken went with them everywhere, for they bore her in their arms wherever they wished to go. Sometimes they would throw seeds on the turf, and little trees would spring up; and then they would set their feet upon the branches and rise as the trees grew under them, till they danced upon the boughs in the air, wherever the breezes carried them, singing merry songs.

At other times they would go and visit the palace of their queen. There the richest food was spread before them and the softest music was heard; and all around grew flowers which were always changing their hues, from scarlet to purple and yellow and emerald. Sometimes they went to look at the heaps of treasure which were piled up in the royal stores, for little dwarfs were always em-

ployed in searching the earth for gold. Small as this fairyland looked from without, it seemed within to have no end; a mist hung around it to shield it from the eyes of men, and some of the little elves sat perched upon the outermost trees to keep watch lest the step of man should break in and spoil the charm.

"And who are you?" said Roseken one day.

"We are what are called elves in your world," replied one whose name was Gosamer and who had become her dearest friend. "We are told that you talk a great deal about us. Some of our tribes like to work you mischief, but we who live here seek only to be happy. We meddle little with mankind, and when we do come among them it is to do them good."

"And where is your queen?" asked Roseken.

THE ELFIN GROVE

“Hush! hush! you cannot see or know her. You must leave us before she comes back, which will be now very soon, for mortal step cannot come where she is. But you will know that she is here when you see the meadows gayer, the rivers more sparkling, and the sun brighter.”

Soon afterwards Gossamer told Roseken the time was come to bid her farewell, and she gave her a ring in token of their friendship and led her to the edge of the grove. “Think of me,” said she; “but beware how you tell what you have seen or try to visit any of us again, for if you do, we shall quit this grove and come back no more.”

Turning back, Roseken saw nothing but the old oak and the gloomy grove she had known before. “How frightened my father and mother will be!” thought

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

she, as she looked at the sun, which had risen some time before. "They will wonder where I have been all night, and yet I must not tell them what I have seen."

Then she hastened homewards, wondering, however, as she went, to see that the leaves, which were yesterday so fresh and green, were now falling dry and yellow around her. The cottage, too, seemed changed; and when she went in, there sat her father, looking some years older than when she saw him last, and her mother, whom she hardly knew, was by his side. Close by was a young man.

"Father," said Roseken, "who is this?"

"Who are you that call me father?" said he. "Are you—no, you cannot be—our long-lost Roseken?"

THE ELFIN GROVE

But they soon saw that it was their Roseken; and the young man, who was her old friend and playfellow Martin, said: "No wonder you had forgotten me in seven years. Do not you remember how we parted, seven years ago, while playing in the field? We thought you were quite lost, but I am glad to see that someone has taken care of you and brought you home at last."

Roseken said nothing, for she could not tell all; but she wondered at the strange tale and felt gloomy at the change from fairyland to her father's cottage.

Little by little she came to herself, thought of her story as a mere dream, and soon became Martin's bride. Everything seemed to thrive around them; and Roseken thought of her friends, and so she called her first little girl Elfie. The little child was loved by everyone.

She was pretty and very good-tempered. Roseken thought that she was very like a little elf; and all, without knowing why, called her the fairy child.

One day, while Roseken was dressing her little Elfie, she found a piece of gold hanging round her neck by a silken thread, and knew it to be of the same sort as she had seen in the hands of the fairy dwarfs. Elfie seemed sorry that it was seen, and said that she had found it in the garden. But Roseken watched her, and soon found that she went every afternoon to sit by herself in a shady place behind the house. So one day she hid herself to see what the child did there, and to her great wonder Gossamer was sitting by her side.

"Dear Elfie," she was saying, "your mother and I used to sit thus when she was young and lived among us. Oh, if

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

you could but come and do so, too, but since our queen came to us it cannot be. Yet I will come and see you and talk to you whilst you are a child; when you grow up we must part forever." Then she plucked one of the roses that grew around them and breathed gently upon it, saying: "Take this for my sake! It will now keep fresh for a whole year."

Then Roseken loved her little Elfie more than ever. When she found that her child spent some hours of almost every day with the elf, Roseken used to hide herself and watch them without being seen. One day, when Gossamer was bearing her little friend through the air from tree to tree, Roseken was so frightened lest her child should fall that she could not help screaming out.

Gossamer set Elfie gently on the ground, and seemed angry as she flew

THE ELFIN GROVE

away. But still she used sometimes to come and play with her little friend, and would have done so the same as before had not Roseken one day told her husband the whole story, for she could not bear to hear him always wondering and laughing at their little child's odd ways and saying he was sure that there was something in the grove that brought them no good. So, to show him that all she said was true, she took him to see Elfie and the fairy, but no sooner did Gossamer know that he was there than she changed herself into a raven and flew off into the grove.

Roseken burst into tears, and so did Elfie, for she knew that she should see her dear friend no more; but Martin was restless and bent upon following up his search after the fairies, so when night came he stole away toward the grove.



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

When he came to it nothing was to be seen but the old oak and the gloomy grove and the hovels. The thunder rolled and the wind whistled. It seemed that all about him was angry, so he turned homeward, frightened at what he had done.

In the morning all the neighbors flocked around, asking one another what the noise and bustle of the last night could mean. When they looked about them their trees seemed blighted and the meadows parched, the streams were dried up, and everything looked gloomy and sad.

But yet they all thought that somehow or other the grove had not nearly so forbidding a look as it used to have. Strange stories were told: how one had heard flutterings in the air, another had seen the grove seemingly alive with little

THE ELFIN GROVE

beings that flew away from it. Each neighbor told his tale, and all wondered what could have happened. But Roseken and her husband knew what was the matter and bewailed their folly, for they foresaw that their kind neighbors; to whom they owed all their luck, were gone forever.

Among the bystanders none told a wilder story than the old ferryman who plied across the river at the foot of the grove. He told how at midnight his boat was carried away, and how hundreds of little beings seemed to load it with treasures; how a strange piece of gold was left for him in the boat as his fare; how the air seemed full of fairy forms fluttering around; and how at last a great number of them passed over that seemed to be guiding their leaders to the meadows on the other side, while he heard soft

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

music floating around and sweet voices
singing as they hovered overhead:

“Fairy queen!
Fairy queen!
Mortal steps are on the green;
Come away!
Haste away!
Fairies, guard your queen!
Hither, hither, fairy queen,
Lest thy silvery wing be seen;
O'er the sky,
Fly, fly, fly!
Fairies, guard your queen!

“Fairy queen!
Fairy queen!
Mortal steps no more are seen;
Now we may
Down and play
O'er the daisied green.
Lightly, lightly, fairy queen,
Trip it gently o'er the green.
Fairies gay,
Trip away,

THE ELFIN GROVE

Round about your lady queen !

Fairies gay,

Trip away,

Round about your queen ! ”

Poor Elfie mourned the loss of the fairies the most and spent whole hours in looking upon the rose that her play-fellow had given her and singing over it the pretty airs she had taught her, till at length, when the year's charm had passed away and it began to fade, she planted the stalk in her garden, and there it grew to a bush so tall that she could sit under its shade and think of her friend Gossamer.



THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN

THERE was once upon a time a father who called his three sons to him and gave the first a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat. Then he said: "I am very old, and my end draws near, but I wish to show my care for you before I die. Money I have not, and what I now give you seems of little worth; but do not think that, for if each uses his gift with care, and seeks some country where such a thing is not known, his fortune will be made."

THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN

Soon after that the father died, and the eldest son set out on his travels with his cock, but wherever he came such a creature was already well known.

In the towns he saw it from afar sitting on the church steeples and turning itself round with the wind; and in the villages he heard more than one of them crow, and nobody troubled himself about another, so that it did not seem as if he would ever make his fortune by it.

At last, however, it fell out that he came to an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, nor even how to divide their time. They knew when it was evening and morning, but at night they could not tell the time.

“See,” said the eldest brother to them, “what a proud creature it is, what a fine red crown it wears on its head, and it has spurs like a knight! Thrice during the

night it will crow at certain hours, and the third time it calls you may know the sun will soon rise; but if it crows by day, you may then prepare for a change in the weather."

The good people were well pleased, and the whole night they lay awake and listened to the cock, which crowed loudly and clearly at two, four, and six o'clock. The next day they asked if the creature were for sale and how much the owner asked.

He replied, "As much gold as an ass can bear."

"A small sum," said they, "for such a creature!" and readily gave him what he asked.

When he went home with his money his brothers were surprised, and the second said he would also go out and see what luck his scythe would bring

Blanche Fisher Laule



him. But at first it did not seem likely that fortune would favor him, for all the men he met carried good scythes upon their shoulders.

At last, however, he also came to an island whose people did not know the use of scythes. When a field of corn was ripe they shot it down with cannons. They often shot quite over it; others hit the ears instead of the stalks and shot them quite away, so that much corn was wasted. But when our hero came he mowed away so silently and quickly that the people held their breath with wonder and gave him what he asked, which was a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

On his return the third brother set out with his cat to try his luck, but as long as he kept on the old roads he met with no place which did not already boast its cat.

THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN

At last he went to an island where cats were unknown animals, and yet there were so many mice that they danced upon the tables and chairs, even when the master of the house was at home. The king himself did not know how to rid the country of mice, for in every corner they were swarming, and spoiled what they could not carry away in their teeth.

As soon as the cat came it began a grand hunt, and cleared a couple of rooms of mice so quickly that the people begged the king to buy it for the use of his kingdom. The king willingly gave the price that was asked for the wonderful animal, and the third brother returned home with a still larger treasure, in the shape of a mule laden with gold.

The cat now had capital sport in the royal palace with the mice. At last she

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

became very thirsty and, raising her head, cried, "Mew! mew!"

At the strange sound the king and all his court were much frightened and ran in terror out of the castle.

There they held a council, and decided to send a page to the cat to demand that it should quit the castle, or force would be used to make it. "For," said the people, "we would rather be plagued by the mice than give ourselves a prey to this beast."

Therefore the page was sent to the cat to ask if it would quit the castle in peace, but the cat said nothing but "Mew! mew!" The page thought it said "No! no!" The people then agreed that the cat should feel their power, and cannons were brought out and fired, so that the castle was soon in flames. But the cat sprang out of a window and went back to her former master.



THE WATER OF LIFE

LONG before we were born there reigned a king in a far-away country. This monarch had three sons. His sons were once deeply grieved because their father had become so ill that no one thought he could ever recover.

One day while the king was in great pain the princes walked in the palace garden mournfully talking of their trouble. As they walked along, their heads bowed with sorrow, a little old man met them and asked why they were so sad. They told him all about their father's illness,

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

saying they feared that nothing they could do would save his life.

"I know what would restore him to life and health," said the little old man. "Could he have but one taste of the Water of Life he would be well. But it is very hard to get."

The oldest son said eagerly, "I will soon find it." So he went to the king at once and begged that he might go in search of this wonderful water, as it was the only thing which could possibly cure the king.

"No," said the king, "I had rather die than place you in such peril as you must meet on such a journey." But the prince begged so earnestly that the king gave him permission to go.

Now the prince said to himself, "If I bring my father this water, he will make me sole heir to the kingdom," and so saying he set out upon his travels.

THE WATER OF LIFE

He had not gone far when he came to a deep valley overhung with rocks and trees. Looking around he saw an ugly little dwarf, with a sugar-loaf cap and scarlet cloak, perched upon a rock.

The dwarf called to him, "Prince, whither away so fast?"

"What is that to thee, you ugly imp?" the prince haughtily replied, and rode on.

The dwarf, angered by such rudeness, avenged himself by laying a fairy spell of ill luck upon the prince, so that as he rode onward the mountain pass became narrower and narrower, until at last he could go no further, and when he tried to turn his horse to go back the way he had come a loud laugh echoed from all the rocks around and above him. Then he saw that every path was closed so that his horse had not room enough to go in any direction. He tried to dis-

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

mount and make his way on foot, but again that weird laugh rang in his ears, and to his dismay he was forced to stand there spellbound.

Meanwhile the old king lingered on, hoping daily for his son's return.

At last the second son said, "Father, I will go in search of the Water of Life," for he secretly thought that his brother was surely dead and that the kingdom would fall to him if he succeeded in finding the precious water.

The king was at first unwilling to let him go, but at last yielded to his wish.

So the prince set out, following the same road by which his brother had gone, and met the same little elf, who stopped him at the same spot in the mountains, saying as before, "Prince, prince, whither away so fast?"

"Mind your own affairs, busybody!"



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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

answered the haughty, ill-bred prince, and rode scornfully forward.

But the dwarf put the same spell upon him as he had put upon the elder brother, and he, too, was obliged to take up his abode in the heart of the mountains.

When the second prince had been gone a long time the youngest son proposed to go in search of the Water of Life, trusting he should be able to make his father well.

So, as the others had done, he set out on the journey. The dwarf met him at the same spot in the lonely valley between great mountains, and asked the same question, "Prince, prince, whither away so fast?"

The prince answered: "I am going in search of the Water of Life for my father, who is likely to die unless this remedy can be found. Pray, will you

THE WATER OF LIFE

help me? Be kind and aid me if you can! I would give my life for it."

"Do you know where it is to be found?" asked the dwarf.

"Alas! I do not know where to look for it. Do tell me the way if you can."

"Then since you have spoken kindly to me and are wise enough to ask advice, I will tell you just where and how to go. The water you seek springs from a well in an enchanted castle. And that you may be able to reach it in safety I will give you an iron wand and two small loaves of bread. Strike the iron door of the castle three times with the wand, and it will open to you. Two hungry lions will be lying inside the door, waiting for prey, but if you throw them the bread, they will let you pass unhurt. Then make haste to the well and take some of the Water of Life before the clock strikes

twelve, for if you tarry beyond that hour, the door will be shut, never to open for you."

The prince thanked the dwarf courteously, took the rod and the loaves, and set forth on his journey.

On reaching the castle he found all just as the dwarf had told him. At the third knock the gate flew open, and when he had pacified the lions with the bread he walked unharmed into the castle. There he found a number of enchanted princes. Beside one of them lay a sword and a loaf, which he took, thinking he might need them. On passing into the next room he found a beautiful maiden, who rejoiced to see him, saying he had saved her from the spell that had been cast upon all the people there. She promised him that she would marry him and share her kingdom with him if he

THE WATER OF LIFE

would come back at the end of the year. She also told him where to find the fountain of enchanted water, but implored him to quit the castle before the clock struck twelve.

The prince went on his way through this beautiful castle, until his feet were weary and his eyes heavy with sleep. Seeing a bed freshly made he was tempted to lie down, and no sooner did he stretch himself upon the soft bed than he was sound asleep.

When he awoke the great castle clock was striking a quarter of twelve o'clock. You may be sure he sprang up in great fright and ran to the fountain as fast as his legs could carry him. How glad he was to see the fountain, and how quickly he took some of the water, you may imagine. The clock was on the stroke of twelve when he dashed through the

gate, which banged so quickly behind him that it took a bit of his heel.

Going back to his own country he passed the dwarf, who, when he saw the sword and the loaf, said: "Those things will be of much service to you. See that you do not lose them. With that sword you will be able to strike down whole armies, and the loaf will never fail to satisfy hunger."

Now the prince begged the dwarf to tell him where he could find his brothers, so that they might all go home together.

The dwarf told him that his brothers were in a mountain gorge, where he had cast a spell upon them because of their pride. The prince begged so piteously for their release that the dwarf yielded, after charging the generous young prince to beware of his brothers, for their hearts were bad.

THE WATER OF LIFE

The prince made haste to go to the narrow mountain pass, where he was rejoiced to find his brothers just set free from the spell which had been cast upon them.

They rode away together, and as they rode the prince told them all that had happened to him—how he had found the Water of Life and brought away a goblet full, so that their father would be restored to health, and how he had relieved an enchanted princess, who would marry him and give him half her kingdom as soon as he could return to her.

As they rode they came to a land where famine and war were raging. The king of the country was himself reduced to destitution.

The young prince, filled with pity, gave the strange king some of the loaf, which fed and satisfied the whole nation,

and he lent his sword, which at one stroke destroyed all the king's enemies, after which he and his people lived in peace and quiet.

This done, the prince took his sword and loaf, and the three brothers rode on. But they had to pass through two more countries before reaching their own. The prince saved these also from war and famine with his magic sword and loaf.

After this the brothers had to take a ship, and when they were out at sea the two elder brothers began to plot against the youngest. They said to each other, "He found the Water of Life, and we did not, so our father will give him the kingdom."

The more they talked together the more envious they grew, until their minds were made up to do an evil deed. While the young prince slept they emp-

THE WATER OF LIFE

tied the Water of Life from his goblet into one of their own and filled his precious cup with salt sea-water.

As soon as they got home the young prince hurried to give his father a draft of the wonderful water which was to make him well, but after tasting a few drops of the bitter sea water the king became worse than ever. As he was bewailing this the two elder sons came in and accused their brother of trying to poison the king. They said that they had the real Water of Life. No sooner had the king tasted this than he was as strong and well as when he was but a youth.

Then the two brothers mocked the young prince, saying: "It was you who found the Water of Life. You had the trouble, but we have the reward. You should have been wiser. We admit that

you did well in getting it, but you were too stupid to keep what you got, and we are going to take advantage of all your weak trust in us." One of us will go and marry your princess. If you betray us now we will not hesitate to put you out of our way. Our father would not believe you if you told him, so you had better keep still—your silence is all that can save your life."

As they intended, the king was very angry with his youngest son, believing that he had tried to take his life. So he called his court together to pronounce judgment upon the would-be murderer.

It was decided that such a monster must be secretly put out of the way, and one day when the prince was going out to hunt, the king's huntsman was ordered to go with him.

Seeing the huntsman look sad, the

THE WATER OF LIFE

prince said to him, "My good huntsman, what is your trouble?"

The huntsman answered, "I can't bear to tell you, and yet I must."

"Say it out, my man; whatever it is I will forgive you."

"Alas!" said the huntsman, "the king has ordered me to shoot you dead. I must obey the king's command."

The prince was horror-stricken and said: "Dear huntsman, do not kill me. Let me have your dress, and you shall have my royal robes."

So they changed clothes, and the huntsman went home, but the prince wandered away into the forest.

After a time loads of gold and precious stones came to the king for his youngest son. They were gifts from the kings whom the prince had saved by his sword and loaf.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Then the old king thought: "What if my youngest son was innocent? I am sorry I was so hasty. If only he were alive! I wish I had not ordered his death!"

"He is still alive," said the huntsman. "I had not the heart to carry out your orders," and he told the king what had taken place.

A load fell from the king's heart. He sent out a proclamation to all parts of his kingdom that his son was to come home, where he would be received with favor.

In the meantime the princess, freed from enchantment, had ordered a road to be made of pure gold leading to her castle. She told her people that whoever came riding straight along this road would be her true bridegroom and should be admitted to the castle, but anyone

THE WATER OF LIFE

who rode at one side or the other of this road should be turned away.

When the year had nearly passed, the eldest prince thought he would hurry to the princess, telling her that he was her deliverer, and thereby gain both wife and kingdom.

He rode away until he came to the golden road, which he thought too good to be ridden over, so he turned aside and approached the castle from the right hand of the shining path. When he reached the gate the keepers told him that he was not the true bridegroom and that he must go away.

Soon afterwards the second prince came, and seeing the golden road thought it too beautiful for his horse to tread upon, so he turned to the left of it. On reaching the gate he was turned away as his brother had been.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

When the year had come to its end the third prince came, thinking only of his lady and with no care for the sort of road over which he was passing. He cantered his horse directly toward the gate, which was instantly flung open.

As he entered the palace the princess greeted him joyfully as her deliverer and the lord of her kingdom.

Their marriage was celebrated without delay, and the bride told him that the king had sent a proclamation throughout his kingdom, forgiving the prince, asking him to return to his rightful place.

So the prince and his bride journeyed to the king and told him the wrong which the elder brothers had done.

The old king would have had them punished, but the knaves had escaped to a country from which no word of them has ever been heard.



THE FOX AND THE CAT

ONCE upon a time a cat met a fox in a wood, and thinking him clever and wise in the ways of the world she spoke kindly to him and said: "Good day, dear Mr. Fox. How do you do, how do you get on, and how do you find your living in these hard times?"

The fox looked at the cat from head to foot with all the pride in his nature, and for a time did not answer. At last he said, "O you poor cat! You silly cat! You hungry mouse-hunter! what

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

has put it into your head to ask me how I fare? What have you learned? How many arts do you know?"

"I know but a single one," replied the cat.

"And what sort of an art is that?" asked the fox.

"To climb up a tree when the dogs pursue me, and so save myself," said the cat.

"Oh, is that all?" said the fox. "Why, I know a hundred arts and have a sackful of cunning! I pity you! Come with me and I will show you how to escape the hounds."

Soon a hunter came riding along with four dogs. The cat ran nimbly up a tree and perched herself upon its highest point, where the branches and leaves hid her, calling to the fox: "Open your sack, Mr. Fox! Open your sack!" But the



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

hounds had already caught the fox, and held him tight.

“Oh, Mr. Fox,” cried the cat, when she saw the end, “you are come to grief in spite of your hundred arts. Now could you have crept up a tree like me you would have been safe.”



THE TWELVE HUNTERS

LONG, long ago a certain king's son was secretly betrothed to a fair maiden whom he loved very much.

Once, while he was sitting by her side, happy and contented, news came that his father was very ill and desired to see him before his end.

The prince said to his beloved: "I must go away and leave you. I will give you this ring for a memorial. When I become king I will return and take you home with me."

So saying he rode off to the palace,

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

where he found his father at the point of death.

The old king said to him, "My dearest son, I have desired to see you once more before I died that I may have your promise to marry according to my wishes," and he named to him a certain princess whom he was to make his bride.

The young prince was so grieved that he did not know what he was saying, and so promised his father that he would fulfill his wish. Soon afterwards the old king closed his eyes in death.

When the time of mourning for the late king was over, the young prince, who had succeeded to the throne, was called upon to fulfill the promise which he had given to his father, and the princess accordingly was betrothed to him.

By chance the maiden heard of this, and grieved so much about the faithless-

THE TWELVE HUNTERS

ness of her lover that she fast faded away. Then her father said to her: "My dear child, why are you sad? Whatever you wish you shall have."

For a few minutes she considered, and at last said, "Dear father, I wish for eleven maidens exactly like myself in figure and stature."

Her father told her that if it were possible her wish should be carried out, and he ordered a search to be made in his country until eleven maidens were found exactly resembling his daughter in figure and stature.

When they came to the maiden she had twelve dresses made alike, and each of the maidens had to put on one, while she herself drew on the twelfth.

Thereupon she took leave of her father and rode away with her companions to the court of her former betrothed, whom

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

she loved so much. There she inquired if he needed any huntsmen, and if he would take them all into his service. The king looked at her without recognizing her, and as they were such handsome people he consented to take them, and so they became the twelve royal huntsmen.

The king, however, possessed a lion, who was such a wonderful beast that he knew all hidden and secret affairs. One evening he said to the king, "Do you suppose that you have got twelve huntsmen?"

"Yes," replied the king, "twelve huntsmen."

"You are mistaken there," replied the lion; "they are twelve maidens."

"That can never be true," said the king. "How will you prove it to me?"

"Order some peas to be strewn in your

THE TWELVE HUNTERS

anteroom,” said the lion, “and you will at once see; for men have a firm tread when walking on peas and do not slip, but maidens trip and stumble and slide and make the peas roll about.”

This advice pleased the king, and he ordered peas to be strewn.

Now, there was a butterfly which had followed the maiden from the time that the young prince had placed the ring on her finger, and when he heard that the maidens were to be put to this trial he told her all that had passed, and that the lion wished to show the king that they were maidens.

The maiden thanked the butterfly and told her companions to compel themselves to tread firmly on the peas. Therefore, when the king summoned the twelve hunters the next morning, and they came into the anteroom, they trod firmly upon

the peas, with steps so sturdy that not one rolled or moved in the least. Afterwards, when they had left the room, the king said to the lion: "You have deceived me. They walk like men!"

The lion replied: "They knew that they were to be put to the proof, and so summoned all their strength. Let twelve spinning-wheels be now brought into the anteroom, and when they come to pass them they will be pleased at the sight thereof as no man could be."

This advice also pleased the king, and he caused the twelve spinning-wheels to be placed in the room.

But the butterfly who was kind to the maiden disclosed the plan to her, and she told her eleven attendants to take no notice whatever of the spinning-wheels.

The following morning the king summoned his hunters, and they passed



through the anteroom without once looking round at the spinning-wheels.

So the king said to the lion again: "You have deceived me. These are men, for they have not noticed the wheels."

The lion replied as before, "They knew that they would be put on trial, and they have behaved accordingly"; but the king would believe the lion no more.

After this the twelve hunters followed the king daily in his sports, and the longer he had them the more he seemed to like them.

Now it happened that once, as they were going out to the hunt, news came that the princess who had been betrothed to the young king was on her way to his court.

As soon as the true betrothed heard this she was so much overcome that she fell to the ground.

THE TWELVE HUNTERS

The king saw that something had happened to his best huntsman, and ran to help him just as his glove was drawn off. He then saw the ring which he had given to his first love, and as he looked in the face of the huntsman he recognized her and kissed her. As she opened her eyes he said, "You are mine and I am yours, and no power on earth shall part us."

The king then sent a messenger to the princess, begging her to return to her own country, for he already had a bride.

This was joyful news to the princess, who was going only in obedience to the law, for she loved a nobleman of her own country and was glad to return to him.

Soon afterwards the wedding was celebrated, and the lion came again into favor because, after all, he had spoken the truth.



THE SEVEN CROWS

THERE was once a man who had seven sons, but never a daughter, although he wished very much for one.

At last a daughter was born, and great was the happiness of the seven brothers.

The child was so weak and small that on account of her delicate health she had to be baptized immediately.

The father sent one of his sons hastily to a spring in order to fetch some water; but the other six ran as well; and as each

THE SEVEN CROWS

strove to be first to fill the pitcher, between them all it fell into the water. They stood by, not knowing what to do, and none of them dared to go home.

As they did not return the father became impatient, saying, "They have forgotten all about it in their play." Soon he became anxious lest the child should die unbaptized, and in his haste he exclaimed, "I would my sons were all changed into crows!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he heard a whirring over his head and, looking up, saw seven coal-black crows flying over the house.

The parents could not recall their curse, and grieved very much for their lost sons, but they comforted themselves in some measure with their dear daughter, who soon grew strong and became more and more beautiful every day.

For a long time she did not know she had had any brothers, for her parents were careful not to mention them; but one day she accidentally overheard some people talking about her and saying, "She is certainly very beautiful, but still the guilt of her seven brothers rests on her head." This made her very sad, and she went to her parents to ask whether she had any brothers, and whither they were gone. The old people dared no longer keep their secret, but said it was the decree of heaven, and her birth had been the unhappy cause.

Now the maiden daily accused herself and wondered how she could deliver her brothers. She had neither rest nor quiet, until she at last set out secretly and journeyed into the wide world to seek her brothers and to free them, wherever they were, cost what it might. She took

THE SEVEN CROWS

nothing with her but a ring of her parents' for a remembrance, a loaf of bread for hunger's sake, a bottle of water for thirst's sake, and a little stool for weariness.

On and on went the maiden, further and further, even to the world's end. Then she came to the sun, but he was too hot and fearful. So she ran hastily away to the moon, but she was too cold. She ran away quickly to the stars, who were friendly and kind to her, each one sitting upon his own little seat. But the morning star was standing up, and he gave her a crooked bone, saying, "If you have not this bone, you cannot unlock the glass castle where your brothers are."

The maiden took the bone and wrapped it in a handkerchief. Then on she went again till she came at last to the glass castle. The door was closed, and she

looked therefore for the little bone; but when she unwrapped her handkerchief it was empty—she had lost the present of the good star. What was she to do now? She wished to save her brothers, but she had no key to the glass castle.

The good little sister bent her little finger, and put it in the keyhole, and luckily it unlocked the door. As soon as she entered a little dwarf came toward her and said, "My child, what do you seek?"

"I seek my brothers, the seven crows," she replied.

The dwarf answered, "My lord crows are not at home, but if you wish to wait their return, come in and sit down."

Thereupon the dwarf carried in the food of the seven crows upon seven dishes and in seven cups, and the maiden ate a little piece from each dish and drank a little out of every cup. But in the last

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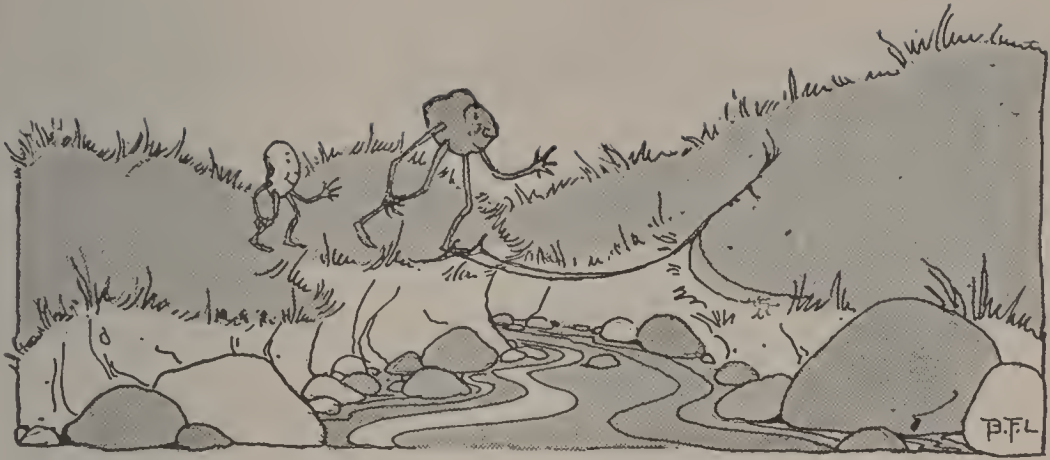
cup she dropped the ring which she had brought with her.

All at once she heard a whirring and cawing in the air, and the dwarf said, "My lord crows are now flying home."

They came in to eat and drink, each seeking his own dishes. Then one said, "Who has been eating from my dish? Who has been drinking from my cup? A human mouth has been here!"

When the seventh came to the bottom of his cup the little ring rolled out. He looked at it and recognized it as a ring of his parents'. He said, "God grant that our sister be here; then are we saved."

As the maiden, who had stood behind the door watching, heard these words she came forward, and immediately all the crows received again their human forms and embraced and kissed their sister. Then they all went joyfully home.



THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

IN A village there dwelt a poor old woman who had gathered a dish of beans which she wished to cook. So she made a fire upon the hearth and, that it might burn the quicker, lighted it with a handful of straw.

As she shook the beans up in the saucepan, one fell upon the ground, near a straw. Soon after a glowing coal burst out of the fire and fell just by these two.

Then the straw said, "My dear friend, whence do you come?"

The coal replied, "By good luck I

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

have sprung out of the fire, and if I had not jumped away by force, I should have been reduced to ashes."

The bean continued, "I also have escaped with a whole skin, but had the old woman put me in the pot with the others I should have been boiled to pieces, as my comrades are."

"Would a better fate have fallen to my share?" asked the straw. "The old woman has suffocated in fire and smoke all my brothers. Sixty has she put on at once and deprived of life. Happily I slipped between her fingers."

"But what shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "since we have so luckily escaped death, we should join in partnership and keep together like good companions. Lest a new misfortune overtake us, let us



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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

wander forth and travel into a strange country.”

The coal and the straw were pleased, so they set out together on their travels. Presently they came to a little stream, over which there was no bridge nor path, and they did not know how they should get over. The straw gave good advice, and said, “I will lay myself across, so that you may pass over upon me, as upon a bridge.”

So the straw stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal, which was of a fiery nature, tripped lightly upon the newly built bridge. But when it came to the middle of it, and heard the water running along beneath, it was frightened and stood still, not daring to go further. The straw, however, beginning to burn, broke in two and fell into the stream, and the coal, slipping after,

THE STRAW, COAL, AND BEAN

hissed as it reached the water and went to the bottom.

The bean, which had remained upon the shore, was forced to laugh at this accident, and, the joke being so good, it laughed until it burst itself.

Now they would all have been done for alike, if a tailor, who was out on his wanderings, had not just then, by great good luck, sat himself down near the stream. Having a kind heart he took out needle and thread and sewed the bean together. The bean thanked him; but the tailor used black thread, and that accounts for the black seam which you often see on beans.



THE BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER

A SOLDIER who is afraid of nothing cares for nothing. Now such an one had received his discharge. He had learned no trade, and so he wandered about hither and thither. Over his shoulders hung an old weatherproof cloak, and he had still left a pair of buffalo leather boots.

One day, thus equipped, he went on walking through the fields without attending to the guideposts, and at last he came to an immense forest. He did not know where he was, but he saw a

BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER

man sitting upon the trunk of a tree, who was well dressed in a green huntsman's coat.

The soldier held out his hand to him, and then laying himself down on the grass stretched out his legs.

"I see you have a pair of fine, shining boots," said he to the huntsman; "but if you had to walk about as much as I, they would not last you very long. Look at mine! They are made of buffalo leather, and although they have served me a long time they would still go through thick and thin."

The huntsman made no answer, and after awhile the soldier got up and said: "I can stop here no longer; hunger urges me forward. But pray, Brother Thin Boots, where does this path lead to?"

"I do not know myself," replied the

hunter; "I have lost myself in this forest."

"Then you are in the same plight as I," returned the soldier. "Like and like please one another; let us remain together and seek the way."

The hunter only laughed, but they set out together and kept on till nightfall.

"We shall not get out of this forest tonight," exclaimed the soldier at last; "but I can see a light glimmering in the distance, where they will give us something to eat."

It was a stone cottage, and when they knocked at the door an old woman opened it.

"We are seeking a night's lodging," said the soldier to her, "and some fodder for our stomachs, for mine is as empty as my purse."

"You cannot stop here," answered the



old woman. "This is a robbers' house, and unless you go away before they return you will be lost."

"It cannot be worse," said the soldier. "For two days I have not eaten a morsel, and so it is all one to me whether I perish in this house or out in the forest. I shall come in and risk it!"

The huntsman did not wish to follow, but the soldier, drawing his arm within his own, led him in, saying, "Come, comrade, we will suffer together!"

The old woman pitied them; and told them to creep behind the stove; when the robbers were satisfied and slept she would give them something to eat.

Scarcely had they hidden snugly in the corner when in came the twelve robbers and, placing themselves around the table, with harsh language demanded their supper.

BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER

The old woman brought in an immense dish of baked meat, and the robbers prepared to eat. Soon the smell of the savory mess reached the soldier's nose, and he said to the huntsman: "I can hold out no longer. I must sit down at the table and take a share!"

"You will lose your life!" whispered the huntsman, holding him fast by the arm.

The soldier began to cough loudly, and as soon as the robbers heard this they threw aside their knives and forks and, rising hastily from the table, discovered the pair behind the stove.

"Aha, you rascals!" they called; "what are you sitting there in that corner for? Are you sent as spies? Just wait a bit, and you shall learn how to fly on a bare branch!"

"Oh! have some manners, if you

please!" returned the soldier. "Give us something to eat first, and afterwards you shall do what you like with us!"

The robbers were astonished to hear such bold words, and the captain said: "Good! I see you are not afraid. Eat you shall, but afterwards you shall die."

"We shall see!" muttered the soldier, and, sitting down at the table, he began to cut and eat in earnest.

"Brother Thin Boots," he exclaimed to the huntsman, "come and eat. You are hungry, as well as I, and a better joint than this you could not have at home."

The huntsman, however, refused; and the robbers, looking at the soldier, said to one another, "This fellow makes no ceremony."

When the soldier had done eating he asked for something to drink, saying,

BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER

“Well! the meat was good enough; now let us have a good draft of wine.”

The captain was in a good humor, and told the old woman to fetch a bottle of the very best wine. When it was brought, the soldier drew out the cork so that it made a great noise; and then going to the huntsman he whispered to him, “Pay attention, my brother, and you shall see a grand wonder; I will now drink the health of the whole company!” So saying, he swung the bottle over the heads of the robbers, at the same time shouting, “You shall all live, but with your mouths open and your right hands uplifted!”

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the robbers all sat motionless, as if they were made of stone, their mouths open and their right arms stretched up.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"I see," said the huntsman to the soldier, "you can play any other trick you please. But, come now, let us go home."

"Oh, no, Brother Thin Boots!" replied the soldier, "it is too early to march away. We have beaten the enemy, and now we must take the booty. Come now, eat and drink what you like."

So they stopped there three days. The fourth day the soldier said to his companion, "It is time now to break the spell, but that we may have a short march the old woman shall show us the nearest road."

As soon as they arrived at the town the soldier went to his old comrades and told them that he had found in the forest a nest of thieves, and if they wished he would show them where.

BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER

They agreed to go, and the soldier persuaded the huntsman to accompany him again, and see how the robbers behaved when they were caught. So first he placed the soldiers around the robbers in a circle, and then drinking a draft of wine out of a bottle, he swung it over them and exclaimed, "You shall all live."

In a moment the robbers had the power of motion again, but they were soon thrown down and bound hand and foot with ropes. Then they were thrown like sacks upon a wagon, and the soldier bade his comrades drive it away to the prison. But the huntsman, taking aside one of the soldiers, gave him a commission and sent him off to the town.

They walked on, and by and by, as they approached the town, the soldier perceived an immense crowd of men

rushing out at the gates, hurrahing loudly and waving green branches of trees in the air.

He soon saw that it was the bodyguards of the king who were approaching them, and, turning to the huntsman, he asked, "What does this mean?"

"Do you not know," replied the huntsman, "that the king has been absent from his kingdom for a length of time? Today he returns, and these are coming out to meet him."

"But where is the king? I do not see him," said the soldier.

"Here he is," answered the huntsman. "I am the king, and I caused my return to be proclaimed." With these words he opened his hunting-coat and showed his royal dress.

The soldier was frightened and, falling on his knees, begged the king's

BOOTS MADE OF BUFFALO LEATHER

pardon for having treated him so unceremoniously.

The king held out his hand and said to him: "You are a brave soldier, and you have saved my life. You shall suffer poverty no longer; I will care for you, and if at any time you want a piece of meat as good as we had in the forest, come to my palace and dine with me."



LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was called One-Eye because she had but a single eye, and that placed in the middle of her forehead; the second was called Two-Eyes because she was like other mortals; and the third was called Three-Eyes because she had three eyes, one of them being in the center of her forehead, like her eldest sister. But because the second sister had nothing out of the com-

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES
mon in her appearance, her companions
looked down upon her. "You are no
better than common folks," they would
say.

Once it happened that Two-Eyes had
to go into the forest to tend the goat.
She was very hungry, because her sis-
ters had given her but little to eat that
morning.

She sat down upon a hillock and cried
so much that her tears flowed out of her
eyes almost like rivers. By and by she
looked up and saw a woman standing
by, who asked, "Why are you weeping,
Two-Eyes?"

"Because I have two eyes like ordi-
nary people," replied the maiden, "and
therefore I am disliked and even half
starved."

"Dry your eyes," said the wise woman.
"I will tell you something which will

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

prevent you from being hungry again.
You must say to your goat:

‘Little kid, milk!
Table, appear!’

and immediately a well-filled table will stand before you with delicate food upon it, of which you can eat as much as you please. And when you are satisfied, and have done with the table, you must say:

‘Little kid, milk!
Table, depart!’

and it will disappear directly.”

With these words the wise woman went away, and little Two-Eyes thought to herself she would find out at once if what the woman said were true, for she felt very hungry indeed. So she said:

“Little kid, milk!
Table, appear!”



Blanche Fisher Laite

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

and immediately a table covered with a white cloth stood before her, with a knife and fork and a silver spoon; and the most delicate dishes were arranged in order upon it, and all as warm as if they had been just taken from the fire.

Two-Eyes said a short grace, and then began to eat. When she had finished she pronounced the words which the wise woman had told her:

“Little kid, milk!
Table, depart!”

and directly the table and all that was on it quickly disappeared.

“This is capital housekeeping,” said the maiden, in high glee; and at evening she went home with her goat, and found an earthen dish which her sisters had left her filled with their pickings, which she did not touch.

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

The next morning she went off again, without taking the meager breakfast which was left out for her. The first and second times she did this the sisters thought nothing of it; but when she did the same the third morning their attention was roused, and they said: "All is not right with Two-Eyes, for she has left her meals twice and has touched nothing of what was left for her. She must have found some other way of living." So they agreed that One-Eye should go with the maiden when she drove the goat to the meadow, and pay attention to what passed and observe whether anyone brought her food or drink.

When Two-Eyes, therefore, was about to set off, One-Eye told her she was going with her to see whether she took proper care of the goat and fed her enough. Two-Eyes, however, divined

her sister's object, and drove the goat where the grass was finest, and then said, "Come, One-Eye, let us sit down, and I will sing to you."

So One-Eye sat down, for she was quite tired with her unusual walk and the heat of the sun.

"Are you awake or asleep, One-Eye?
Are you awake or asleep?"

sang Two-Eyes, until her sister really went to sleep.

As soon as she was sound asleep the maiden had her table out, and ate and drank all she needed. By the time One-Eye awoke again the table had disappeared, and the maiden said to her sister: "Come, we will go home now. While you have been sleeping the goat might have run about all over the world."

So they went home, and after Two-

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

Eyes had left her meal untouched, One-Eye was obliged to confess that she had fallen asleep.

The following morning Three-Eyes told her sister that she was going with her that morning to see if she took care of the goat and fed her well; but Two-Eyes saw through her design, and drove the goat again to the best feeding-place. Then she told her sister to sit down and she would sing to her, and Three-Eyes did so, for she was very tired with her long walk in the heat of the sun. Two-Eyes began to sing as before,

“Are you awake, Three-Eyes?”

but instead of continuing, as she should have done,

“Are you asleep, Three-Eyes?”

she said by mistake,

“Are you asleep, *Two*-Eyes?”

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

and so went on singing:

“Are you awake, Three-Eyes?
Are you asleep, Two-Eyes?”

By and by Three-Eyes closed two of her eyes and went to sleep with them; but the third eye, which was not spoken to, kept open. Three-Eyes, however, cunningly shut it, too, and pretended to be asleep, while she was really watching; and soon Two-Eyes, thinking all safe, repeated the words:

“Little kid, milk!
Table, appear!”

and as soon as she was satisfied, she said the old words:

“Little kid, milk!
Table, depart!”

Three-Eyes watched all these proceedings; and presently Two-Eyes came and awoke her, saying, “Ah, sister! you are

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES
a good watcher; but come, let us go
home now."

When they reached home Two-Eyes
again ate nothing, and her sister declared
that she knew now why the haughty
child would not eat their food. "When
she is out in the meadow," said Three-
Eyes, "she says:

'Little kid, milk!
Table, appear!'

and directly a table comes up laid out
with meat and wine and everything of
the best, much better than we have; and
as soon as she has had enough, she says:

'Little kid, milk!
Table, depart!'

and all goes away directly, as I clearly
saw. She put to sleep two of my eyes,
but the one in the middle of my fore-
head luckily kept awake!"

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

So the sisters agreed to kill the goat.

When they had done this cruel thing Two-Eyes went out very sorrowfully to the old spot and sat down to weep bitterly.

All at once the wise woman stood in front of her again and asked why she was crying.

"Must I not cry," replied Two-Eyes, "when the goat which used to furnish me every day with a dinner, according to your promise, has been killed, and I am again suffering hunger and thirst?"

"Two-Eyes," said the wise woman, "I will give you a piece of advice. Beg your sisters to give you the entrails of the goat. Bury them in the earth before the house door, and your fortune will be made."

So saying, she disappeared, and Two-Eyes went home, and said to her sisters:

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

“Dear sisters, do give me some part of the slain kid. I desire nothing else; let me have the entrails.”

The sisters laughed and readily gave the entrails to her. She buried them secretly before the threshold of the door, as the wise woman had bidden her.

The following morning they found in front of the house a wonderfully beautiful tree, with leaves of silver and fruits of gold hanging from the boughs. The two elder sisters were quite ignorant how the tree came there; but Two-Eyes perceived that it was produced by the goat's entrails, for it stood on the exact spot where she had buried them.

As soon as the mother saw the tree she told One-Eye to break off some of the fruit. One-Eye went up to the tree and pulled a bough toward her, to pluck off the fruit, but the bough flew directly out

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

of her hands. And it did so every time she took hold of it, till she was forced to give up, for she could not obtain a single golden apple in spite of all her efforts.

Then the mother said to Three-Eyes, "Do you climb up, for you can see better with your three eyes than your sister with her one."

Three-Eyes, however, was not more fortunate than her sister, for the golden apples flew back as soon as she touched them.

At last the mother got so impatient that she climbed the tree herself; but she met with no more success than either of her daughters, and grasped only the air when she thought she had the fruit.

Two-Eyes now thought she would try, and said to her sisters: "Let me get up. Perhaps I may be successful."

"Oh, you are very likely to indeed,"

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES said they, "with your two eyes. You will see better, no doubt!"

So Two-Eyes climbed the tree, and as soon as she touched the boughs the golden apples fell into her hands, so that she plucked them as fast as she could, and quickly filled her apron before she went down.

The two sisters, instead of treating Two-Eyes better than they had done, were only the more envious of her because she alone could gather the fruits; in fact, they treated her worse.

One morning, not long after the appearance of the apple tree, the three sisters were all standing together beneath it, when in the distance a young knight was seen riding toward them.

"Make haste, Two-Eyes!" exclaimed the two elder sisters; "make haste and creep out of our way that we may not be

ashamed of you"; and so saying they put over her in great haste an empty cask which stood near.

Soon the knight came up to the tree, and the sisters saw that he was a very handsome man. He stopped to admire the fine silver leaves and golden fruit, and presently asked to whom the tree belonged, for he should like to have a branch of it.

One-Eye and Three-Eyes replied that the tree belonged to them, and they tried to pluck a branch for the knight. They had their trouble for nothing, however, for the boughs and fruit flew back as soon as they touched them.

"This is very wonderful," cried the knight, "that this tree should belong to you, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit!"

The sisters, however, maintained that it was theirs; but while they spoke, Two-

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES

Eyes rolled a golden apple from underneath the cask, so that it traveled to the feet of the knight, for she was angry because her eldest sisters had not spoken the truth.

When the knight saw the apple he was astonished, and asked where it came from. One-Eye and Three-Eyes said they had another sister, but they dared not let her be seen, because she had only two eyes, like common folk!

The knight, however, would see her, and called, "Two-Eyes, come here!"

As she made her appearance from under the cask the knight was bewildered by her beauty, and said, "You, Two-Eyes, can surely break off a bough of this tree for me."

"Yes," she replied, "I will, for it is my property." And climbing up she easily broke off a branch with silver

leaves and golden fruit, which she handed to the knight.

"What can I give you in return, Two-Eyes?" asked the knight.

"Alas! if you will take me with you I shall be happy, for now I suffer hunger and thirst and am in trouble and grief from early morning to late evening. Take me and save me!"

Thereupon the knight raised Two-Eyes upon his saddle and took her home to his father's castle. He gave her beautiful clothes and all she wished to eat or to drink; and afterwards, because his love for her had become so great, he married her, and a very happy wedding they had.

Her two sisters meanwhile were very jealous when Two-Eyes was carried off by the knight; but they consoled themselves by saying: "The wonderful tree

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES still remains; and even if we cannot get the fruit, everybody will stop to look at and praise it to us. Who knows where our harvest may bloom?"

The morning after, however, the tree disappeared. But when Two-Eyes looked out of her window, behold, the tree stood before it, and there remained!

For a long time after this Two-Eyes lived in the greatest happiness.

One morning two poor women came to the palace and begged an alms. Two-Eyes, after looking at their faces, recognized her sisters, One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who had come to such poverty that they were forced to wander, daily begging food. Two-Eyes, however, bade them welcome, invited them in, and took care of them, till they repented of the evil which they had done.



THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE, AND THE NEEDLE

THERE was once upon a time a little girl whose father and mother died when she was quite young. At the end of the village where she lived her godmother dwelt in a small cottage, earning her living by spinning, weaving, and sewing, and she took the poor child as her own, teaching her to work and to study.

When the girl had reached the age of fifteen the godmother fell ill. She called

Blanche Fisher Laile



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

the girl to her bedside, and said to her: "My dear daughter, I feel my end is near. I leave you this cottage, where you will be protected from wind and weather, and also this spindle, shuttle, and needle, with which you may earn your living." With these words she laid her hands on the girl's head and blessed her, saying, "So long as you remember God, everything will prosper with you."

The little girl now lived alone in her cottage, spinning, weaving, and sewing, and upon all that she did rested the blessing of God. It seemed as if the flax in her room increased by itself; and when she wove a piece of cloth or carpet, or hemmed a shirt, she always found someone ready to buy it who paid her so well that she had enough for herself and could spare a little for others who were poorer.

SPINDLE, SHUTTLE, AND NEEDLE

Now about this time the son of the king of this country was looking about him for a bride, and as he was not allowed to marry a poor wife he would not have a rich one. So he said, "She shall be my bride who is at once the richest and the poorest."

When he came to the village where the maiden dwelt, he asked, as was his custom, who was the richest and the poorest maiden in the place. The people first named the richest, and then told him that the poorest was the maiden who dwelt in the cottage at the end of the village.

The young prince therefore went first to the rich maiden, and found her sitting before her door beautifully dressed; but as soon as she saw him coming she got up and made him a very low bow. He looked at her once and then, without speaking

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

a word, rode away to the house of the poor maiden, whom he found sitting in her kitchen at work instead of waiting idly at her door.

He stopped his horse, and, looking through the window, into the kitchen, he saw how brightly the sun shone into it and how busy the girl was at her spinning-wheel. She looked up, but as soon as she saw the prince peeping at her she blushed as red as a rose and looked down again, turning her wheel round and round. Whether the thread just then was quite even or not I do not know, but the maiden kept on spinning until the prince rode away. Then she stepped to the window and opened it, saying, "It is very warm in this kitchen!" and she stood at the window, looking out as long as she could see the white feathers upon the prince's hat.

SPINDLE, SHUTTLE, AND NEEDLE

After this she sat down again to her work, and a sentence came into her head which her godmother had often repeated while she was working. She sang:

“Spindle, spindle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home.”

Scarcely had she spoken the words when the spindle sprang from her hands and out of the door, and as she ran to look after it she saw it merrily dancing along over the field, leaving a golden thread behind it. In a short time it was out of sight, and then the maiden, having no other spindle, took the shuttle in her hand and began to weave.

Meanwhile the spindle still danced on, and as the thread came to an end it reached the king's son.

“What do I see?” exclaimed he; “the spindle showing me the way!” and

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

turning his horse's head he rode back, guided by the golden thread. At the same time the girl, sitting at work, sang:

“Shuttle, shuttle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home.”

And the shuttle sprang out of her hands and through the door, before which it began to weave a carpet more beautiful than was ever seen. On both borders were roses and lilies blooming, and in the middle, on the golden ground, were green vines; rabbits, too, were pictured jumping about, and fawns rubbing their heads against trees, on whose boughs were sitting pretty birds, who wanted nothing but the gift of song. And all this pattern the shuttle wove so quickly that it seemed to grow by itself.

But, because the shuttle had run away, the maiden sat down to her sew-

SPINDLE, SHUTTLE, AND NEEDLE

ing; and while she stitched her work she sang:

“Needle, needle, sharp and fine,
Fit the house for wooer mine.”

As soon as she had said this the needle flew out of her fingers and sprang all about the room like a flash of lightning. It seemed as if unseen spirits were at work, for in a few minutes the table and the bench were covered with green cloths, the chairs with velvet, and on the walls were hung silken curtains. And scarcely had the needle put the last stitch to them when the maiden saw through the window the white feathers on the hat of the prince, who was coming toward her cottage drawn by the golden thread of the spindle. He entered the room, and there stood the maiden in her shabby clothes glowing like a rose.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"You are the poorest, and yet the richest maiden," said the prince to her. "Come with me, and you shall be my bride."

The maiden said nothing, but held out her hand, which the prince took; and, giving her a kiss, he led her out of the cottage and seated her behind him on his horse. He took her to the king's castle, where they were married; and afterwards the spindle, the shuttle, and the needle were placed in the treasure chamber and held in great esteem.



THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

THERE was once upon a time a very, very old lady who dwelt with her flock of geese on a common in a waste place between two hills, where she had a small cottage. The common was surrounded by a large forest, into which this old woman hobbled every morning on crutches. There she was more active than one could have believed. She gathered grass for her geese and all the wild fruit she could reach, and carried it home on her back.

One would have thought so heavy a burden would have bowed her down to

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

the ground, but she always reached home safe and sound. If anyone met her, she greeted him kindly, and would say: "Good day to you, my dear countryman. What beautiful weather it is! Ah! you wonder how I get over the ground, but everyone must bear his own burden!"

People at last grew afraid to meet her, and took a bypath; and if a father passed near with his children, he would say to them: "Beware of that old woman! She has mischief behind her ears; she is a witch."

One morning a lively young fellow passed through the wood. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, a gentle breeze was blowing among the trees, and everything seemed gay and pleasant. Still he had met nobody till he saw the old woman kneeling on the ground cutting grass with a sickle.

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

She had already placed a large heap in her handkerchief, and by her side stood two baskets filled with apples and wild berries.

“Ah! my good woman,” said the youth, “how shall you carry all that?”

“I must carry it, my good master,” she replied, “but rich people’s children do not want to do such things. Will you not help me? You have a straight back yet, and young legs; it will be easy for you. My house is not far from here. It stands on yonder hill.”

The youth took pity on the old woman, and replied to her: “Certainly. My father is no peasant, but a rich count; still, that you may see it is not only the peasants who carry burdens, I will take your bundle.”

“If you will try it,” said the old woman, “I shall be much obliged to

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

you; but there are the apples and berries which you must carry too. It is but an hour's walk which you will have to take, but it will seem much less to you."

The old woman packed the handkerchief of grass on the young man's back and hung the two baskets on his arms. "See how light it is," said she.

"No, it is not at all light," answered the young count; "the bundle weighs as heavily as if it were full of big stones, and the apples and berries seem like lead. I can scarcely breathe."

So saying, he would have liked to lay the bundle down again, but the old woman would not permit it.

"Just see," she cried in scorn, "the young lord cannot carry what an old woman like me has so often borne. You people are very ready with your fair words, but when it comes to working,

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

you are equally ready with your excuses. Why do you stand trembling there?" she continued. "Come, pick up your legs; nobody will take your bundle off again."

Now so long as the young count walked on level ground he did pretty well, but when he came to the hill and began to climb it, the stones rolled under his feet as if they were alive, and his strength began to fail. Drops of sweat stood upon his brow and ran down his back, now hot and now cold.

"My good woman," said he, "I can go no further till I have rested awhile."

"Not here, not here," answered the old woman. "When we arrive at my house you can rest, but now we must keep on. Who knows what good it may do you!"

"You are unkind and ungrateful!" cried the youth, trying to throw away the

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

bundle, but in vain; it stuck as fast to his back as if it had grown there. He turned and twisted, but with no effect; he could not get rid of the bundle, and the old woman only laughed, and danced around him on her crutches.

“Don’t put yourself in a passion, my dear lord,” she said. “You are getting as red in the face as a turkey cock. Bear your burden patiently. When we arrive at home I will give you a good draft to refresh you.”

What could he do but patiently follow the old woman, who became more and more active as his burden grew heavier. All at once she made a spring and jumped on the top of the bundle, where she sat down; and thin and withered as she was, her weight was yet more than that of a strong man. The youth’s knees trembled and shook, but the old woman beat him



Blanche Fisher Lake

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

with a strap and stinging nettles. He at last reached the old woman's cottage, just when he was ready to drop.

As soon as the geese saw the old woman they stretched out their wings and their necks, and ran toward her crying, "Wulle! wulle!"

Behind the flock walked a middle-aged woman with a stick in her hand, who was big and strong and ugly. "My mother," said she to the old woman, "why have you been out so long?"

"Never fear, my dear daughter," replied the old woman, "nothing evil has met me; in fact, the young count there has carried my bundle for me. Only think! when I was tired he took me also on his back! The road has not been too long either, for we have been merry!"

At length the old woman ceased talking and took the bundle off the youth's

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

back and the baskets from his arms, and then looking at him cheerfully she said to him, "Sit down on the bench by the door and rest yourself; you have honestly earned your reward, and it shall not be overlooked." She turned to the goose-girl and said, "Go into the house, my daughter; this young man might fall in love with you."

The young count did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Such a beauty!" he thought to himself. "Why, even if she were thirty years younger, my heart would not be touched!"

Meanwhile the old woman petted her geese, as if they were children, and at last went into the house with her daughter.

The youth stretched himself on the bench beneath an apple tree, where the breeze blew softly and gently; while

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

around him was spread a green meadow covered with primroses, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers. In the middle of it flowed a clear stream, on which the sun shone; and the white geese kept passing up and down, or paddling in the water. "It is quite lovely here," the youth said to himself; "but I am so tired that I cannot keep my eyes open; so I will sleep awhile, if no wind comes and blows my legs from my body, for they are as tender as tinder!"

After he had slept some time the old woman came and shook him till he awoke.

"Stand up," she said; "you cannot stop here. I did treat you rather shabbily, but it has not cost you your life. Now I will give you your reward. It will be neither money nor property, but something better." With these words she placed in his hands a small book cut

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

out of a single emerald, saying, "Keep it well, and it will bring you good luck."

The count jumped up, and felt himself quite strong and refreshed; so he thanked the old woman for her present, and set off on his journey without once looking back for the beautiful daughter. And when he had walked a long way he could still hear the loud cackling of the geese in the distance.

The young count had to wander three days in the forest before he could find his way out, and then he came to a large city, where, because nobody knew him, he was led to the royal palace, where the king and queen sat on their thrones.

There the count sank down upon his knees, drew forth the emerald book, and laid it at the feet of the queen. She bade him arise and hand the book to her, but scarcely had she opened it and looked at

its contents than she fell as if dead upon the ground.

Then the count was seized by the king's servants, and would have been led off to prison had not the queen opened her eyes and begged that he might be set at liberty, commanding everyone to leave the room that she might speak with him alone.

As soon as the courtiers were gone the queen began to weep bitterly and to say: "Of what use is all this honor which surrounds me, when every morning I give way to grief and sorrow! I once had three daughters, the youngest of whom was so beautiful that all the world thought her a wonder. She was as white, and her hair was like the shining of a sunbeam. If she cried, her tears were like pearls and gems falling from her eyes.

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

“When she was fifteen her father caused her and her sisters to come before his throne; and you should have seen how the people opened their eyes when she came in, for she was beautiful as the dawn. The king then said to them, ‘My daughters, I know not when my last day will arrive, and therefore to-day I will appoint what each shall do at my death. You love me, but the one who loves me best shall have the best portion.’

“Each said she loved him best; and the king then asked them whether they could not express in words how much they loved him, so that he would be able to judge. The eldest said that she loved him as the sweetest sugar, the second that she loved her father as her smartest dress, but the youngest was silent.

“‘My dear child, how do you love me?’ asked the king.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

“‘I do not know,’ she replied; ‘and I can compare my love with nothing.’

“Her father, however, pressed her to say something, and at length she said, ‘The most delicate food is tasteless to me without salt, and therefore I love you, father, like salt.’

“At this reply the king became very angry, and said, ‘If you love me like salt you shall be rewarded with salt.’ So he divided the kingdom between the two eldest daughters; but he caused a sack of salt to be bound on the shoulders of his youngest child, and two slaves had to lead her into the wild forest.

“We wept and prayed for her to the king, but his anger was not to be turned away. When she left us she wept so that the whole path was strewn with the pearls which fell from her eyes! Afterwards, however, the king did repent of

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

his great harshness, and caused a search to be made in the forest for the poor child, but without success.

“And now, when I think that the wild beasts may have devoured her, I know not what to do for grief; but many a time I try to comfort myself with the idea that she may be living in some cave, or under the kind care of someone who found her. But imagine my feelings when, on opening your emerald book, I saw a pearl lying therein of the same kind as used to drop from my daughter’s eyes. Think how my heart was moved at the sight. Now you shall tell me how you came by the pearl.”

The young count then told the queen that he had received it from an old woman who seemed to be a witch, for she lived in a haunted wood and behaved in a strange manner; but of the queen’s

child he had neither seen nor heard anything.

The king and queen went in search of this old woman, for they thought that where the pearl had been, there they should also obtain news of their daughter.

The old woman sat in her house in the wilderness, spinning at her wheel. It was almost dark, and a fagot, which burned on the hearth below, gave a feeble light. All at once there was a noise outside; the geese were coming home from the meadow, and they cackled with all their might.

Soon afterwards the daughter stepped in, but the old woman scarcely spoke to her, and only shook her head. The daughter sat down, and, taking her wheel, spun the thread as quickly as a young girl. Thus they sat for two hours, without speaking to one another, till at length

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

something rattled at the window, and two fiery eyes glared in from the outside. It was a night owl, which screeched thrice. Then the old woman, looking up from her work, said, "Now is the time, my daughter, for you to go out and do your work."

The daughter got up and went away over the meadows, deep into a valley beyond. By and by she came to a brook near which stood three oak trees. At the same time the moon rose round and full above the mountain, and shone so brightly that one might have picked up a needle by its light. She drew off the mask which covered her face, and then, stepping into the brook, began to wash herself.

As soon as she had done that she dipped the mask also in the water, and then laid it again on the meadow to dry

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

and bleach in the moonshine. How the maiden was changed! Her golden hair fell down like sunbeams, and when she removed the cap which confined it, it covered her whole form. Only her eyes could be seen peeping through the tresses like the stars in heaven, and her cheeks blooming like the soft red of the apple blossoms.

But the fair maiden was sad, and she sat down and wept bitterly. One tear after another flowed from her eyes and rolled to the ground; and thus she would have sat for a long time had she not been disturbed by a rustling noise in the branches of one of the trees. She jumped up and sprang away like a fawn disturbed by the gun of the hunter. At the same moment a black cloud obscured the moon, under cover of which the maiden slipped on her old mask and



Blanche Fisher Laité

disappeared like a light blown out by the wind.

She ran home trembling like an aspen leaf, and found the old woman standing before the door; but when she was about to relate what had happened to her, the old woman laughed and said she knew about it already. Her mother then led the maiden into the room and lighted a fresh fagot; but, instead of sitting down to her wheel, she fetched a broom and began to sweep and dust. "It must all be clean," said she to the maiden.

"But, mother," replied she, "why do you begin at this late hour? What is the matter?"

"Do you then know what hour it is?" inquired the mother.

"Not quite midnight, but past eleven," returned the daughter.

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

“Do you not remember, then,” continued the old woman, “that today you have been with me three years? We can remain together no longer!”

“Alas! dear mother, you will not drive me out,” said the maiden in alarm. “Where shall I go? I have neither home nor friends, and whither could I turn? I have ever done all you bade, and you have been pleased with me. Send me not away!”

The woman would not, however, tell the maiden what was coming, but said, instead: “My dwelling is no longer here; but since the house and this room must be clean when I leave, hinder me not in my work, and cease to care on your own account. You shall find a roof under which to dwell, and with the reward which I shall give you, you will also be contented.”

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"But do tell me what is coming," entreated the maiden.

"I tell you a second time, do not disturb me in my work. Speak not a word more, but go into your own room and pull off the mask from your face, and put on the beautiful dress which you wore when you came to me, and then remain where you are till I call you."

And now I must tell you what befell the king and queen, who were preparing, when we last heard of them, to go in search of the old woman in the wilderness. First of all, the count was sent by night to the forest alone, and for two days he wandered before he found the right road. Along this he went till darkness overtook him, and then he climbed a tree to pass the night, for he feared he might lose his way in the dark. As soon as the moon rose he saw a figure coming

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

across the mountain, and although she had no rod in her hand, he could not doubt but that it was the goose-girl whom he had seen with the old woman.

“Oho!” he exclaimed to himself; “here comes one witch, and when I have her I will soon catch the other!” But how astonished he was when, stepping up to the brook, she laid aside her mask, and he saw her golden hair fall down and cover her whole figure, rendering her more beautiful than anyone he had ever before seen! He scarcely dared to breathe, but he stretched out his neck as far as he could and looked at her with fixed eyes. He bent over too far, and the bough cracked beneath his weight. At the same instant the maiden disappeared in a dark cloud, and when the moon shone again she was out of sight.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The young count made haste down from the tree and ran after the maiden with rapid strides, but before he had gone very far he saw two figures wandering over the meadows in the twilight. They were the king and queen, who had seen at a distance the light in the old woman's cottage and were going toward it.

The count told them what strange things he had seen by the brook, and they felt no doubt but that he had seen their lost daughter. Full of joy they went on till they came to the cottage, around which sat the geese, with their heads under their wings. None stirred at their approach. The three peeped in at the window and saw the old woman spinning silently, without raising her eyes from her work, but simply nodding her head now and then.

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

The room was as perfectly clean as if the cloud men, who carry no dust on their feet, lived in it, and for some minutes they observed the whole scene in silence; but at last plucking up courage, they knocked at the window lightly.

The old woman got up and, looking at them kindly as if she had expected them, called out: "Come in. I know who you are."

As soon as the king, queen, and count came into the room, the old woman said: "You might have spared yourselves this long journey if you had not driven away your child, who was so affectionate and so beautiful. She has come to no harm, and for these three years past she has tended my geese; neither has she learned any evil, but has kept her heart pure and spotless. But you have been rightly punished by the

sorrow and trouble which you have suffered." With these words she went to the chamber door and called to the daughter to come out, and as soon as the princess appeared, dressed in her silk gown, with her golden hair and bright eyes, it seemed like the entrance of an angel into the room.

She went up to her father and mother and fell on their necks and kissed them, which made them both cry with joy. But when she saw the young count standing by them she blushed as red as a moss rose without knowing why.

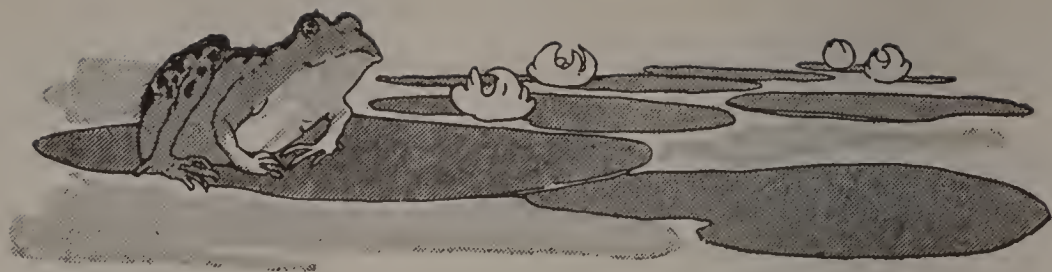
"My dear child," said the king to her, "what shall I give you, for I have parted my kingdom already?"

"She needs nothing," said the old woman, "for I present her with the tears which she has wept, which are in reality pearls more beautiful than any that can

THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL

be found in the sea, and of more value than your entire kingdom. And for a further reward for her services to me I give her this house.”

As soon as the old woman had said this she disappeared, and after a little knocking at the walls, the house became a noble palace, and the room in which they stood became a hall, in the midst of which a princely table was set, with many servants hastening to and fro.



THE SEVEN SWABIANS

THERE were once seven Swabians in company, the first of whom was named Schulz, the second Jacky, the third Marli, the fourth Jergli, the fifth Michael, the sixth Hans, and the seventh Veitli. They were traveling in search of adventures and for the purpose of doing valiant deeds.

In order to protect themselves they carried with them a very long and strong pole. To this the seven held; in front walked Schulz, the boldest and most courageous man, while the others followed, Veitli being last.

One day in July, after they had traveled some distance and were near the

THE SEVEN SWABIANS

village where they intended to pass the night, a hornet or dragon fly flew out from behind a bush and hummed about the travelers in a warlike manner.

Schulz was so frightened that he almost let go the pole, and the perspiration stood all over his body from terror. "Listen, listen!" he cried to his companions; "I hear a trumpeting!"

Hans, who was last but one in the row, exclaimed, "I smell brimstone and powder!"

At these words Schulz sprang over a hedge in his haste to escape, and, as he happened to alight on the prongs of a rake, which was left in the field by the haymakers, the handle sprung up and gave him a blow on the forehead. "Oh! oh! oh! woe is me!" he cried. "Take me prisoner. I give myself up; I surrender!"

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The six others thereupon jumped over the hedge and likewise cried, "We surrender if you surrender! We surrender if you surrender!"

At length, when no enemy came to bind and take them away, they saw that they were deceived, and in order that the tale might not be told of them among the villagers, who would laugh at them and mock them, they took an oath among themselves never to say anything about it unless one of them should open his mouth unawares.

After this adventure they went further, but the second danger they met with cannot be compared with the first. For after several days had elapsed their road chanced to lead them through an unplowed field where a hare was lying asleep in the sun.

The seven Swabians were terribly



frightened at the sight of this ferocious little animal, and they took counsel together what would be the least dangerous plan to adopt. If they fled, it was to be feared that the monster would pursue them and cut them to pieces. So they resolved to stand and have a great battle, for, said they, "Bravely dared is half won!"

All seven, therefore, grasped hold of their pole, Schulz being foremost and Veitli hindmost. But Schulz wanted to have the pole himself, whereupon Veitli flew into a passion and broke away.

Then the rest advanced together upon the dragon, but Schulz was very fearful and cried in great terror: "Han! hur-lehau! han! hauhel!" This awoke the hare, who sprang away quite frightened, and when Schulz saw it flee he jumped for joy and shouted:

THE SEVEN SWABIANS

“Zounds, Veitli, what fools we are!

The monster after all is but a hare!”

After they had recovered from their fright the seven Swabians sought new adventures. By and by they arrived at the river Moselle, a smooth and deep water, over which there are not many bridges, so one must cross to the other side in boats. The seven Swabians, however, were ignorant of this, and they therefore shouted to a man who was working on the other side of the river, and asked him how they were to cross.

On account of the distance and his ignorance of their language the man did not understand what they said, and so he asked in his dialect, “Wat? wat?” Schulz imagined the man said “Wade, wade”; and being foremost on the bank he jumped into the river and began to

walk across. Soon he got out of his depth and sank in the deep, driving current; but his hat was carried by the wind to the opposite shore. As it reached there a frog perched himself on it, and croaked "Wat! wat! wat!" The six other Swabians heard this noise and said to each other: "Listen! Does not Schulz call us? Well, if he could wade across, so can we."

With these words each one jumped into the river, but they all sank. So it happened that one little frog caused the death of six brave Swabians, for nobody has heard of or seen them since.



HOW SIX TRAVELED THROUGH THE WORLD

THERE was once a man who understood a variety of arts. He had served in the army, where he had behaved very bravely; but when the war came to an end he received his discharge and only three dollars for his services.

“Wait a bit! This does not please me,” said he. “If I find the right people to help me, I will make the king give me the treasures of his whole kingdom.” Thereupon, inflamed with anger, he went into a forest, where he found a man who had just uprooted six trees as if they were

straw, and he asked him whether he would be his servant and travel with him.

"Yes," replied the man; "but I will first take this firewood to my mother." And taking up one of the trees he wound it around the other five, and raising the bundle upon his shoulder bore it away. Soon he returned, and said to his master, "We two shall travel well through the world!"

They had not gone far before they came up with a hunter who was kneeling upon one knee, preparing to take aim with his gun. The master asked what he was going to shoot, and he replied, "Two miles from here sits a fly upon the branch of an oak tree, whose left eye I wish to shoot out."

"Oh, go with me!" said the man; "for if we three are together, we must pass easily through the world."

HOW SIX TRAVELED

The huntsman consented and went with him, and soon they arrived at seven windmills, whose sails were going round at a rattling pace, although right or left there was no wind and not a leaf stirring.

At this sight the man said, "I wonder what drives these mills, for there is no breeze!" and they went on. But they had not proceeded more than two miles when they saw a man sitting up in a tree, whistling.

"My good fellow, what are you doing up there?"

"Did you not see," replied the man, "two miles from here seven windmills? It is those which I am blowing, that the sails may go round."

"Oh, then come with me," said our hero; "for if four people like us travel together, we shall soon get through the world."

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

So the blower went with him, and in a short while they met with another man, standing upon one leg, with the other leg unbuckled and lying by his side. The leader of the others said, "You have done this, no doubt, to rest yourself?"

"Yes," replied the man, "I am a runner, and in order that I may not spring along too quickly I have unbuckled one of my legs, for when I wear both I go as fast as a bird can fly."

"Well, then, come with me," said our hero; "five such fellows as we are will soon get through the world."

The five heroes went on together, and soon met a man who had on a hat which he wore quite over one ear. The captain of the others said to him: "Manners! manners! Don't hang your hat on one side like that. You look like a simpleton!"



"I dare not change it," replied the other; "for if I set my hat straight, there will come so sharp a frost that the birds in the sky will freeze and fall dead upon the ground."

"Then come with me," said our hero; "for it is odd if six fellows like us cannot travel quickly through the world."

These six new companions went into a city where the king had proclaimed that whoever should run a race with his daughter and bear away the prize should become her husband; but if he lost the race, he should also lose his head.

This was mentioned to our hero, who said that he would have his servant run for him. But the king told him that in that case he must agree that his servant's life, as well as his own, should be sacrificed if the wager were lost. To this he agreed and swore, and then he bade his

HOW SIX TRAVELED

runner buckle on his other leg, and told him to be careful and to make sure of winning. The wager was that whoever first brought back water from a distant spring should be victor.

Accordingly the runner and the princess each received a cup, and they both began to run at the same moment; but the princess had not proceeded many steps before the runner was quite out of sight, and it seemed as if but a puff of wind had passed.

In a short time he came to the spring, filled his cup, and turned back again. But he had not gone very far before, feeling tired, he set his cup on the ground and lay down to take a nap. He made his pillow of a stick of wood, thinking, from its being hard, that he would soon awake.

Meantime the princess, who was a

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

better runner than many of the men at court, had arrived at the spring and was returning with her cup of water when she perceived her opponent lying asleep.

In great joy she exclaimed, "My enemy is given into my own hands!" and, emptying his cup, she ran on faster still.

All would now have been lost if, by good luck, the huntsman had not been standing on the castle, looking afar with his sharp eyes. When he saw that the princess was gaining the advantage he loaded his gun and shot so cleverly that he carried away the hard pillow under the runner's head without doing the man any injury.

This awoke him, and, jumping up, he found his cup empty and the princess far in advance. However, he did not lose courage, but ran back to the spring,

HOW SIX TRAVELED

filled his cup, and returned home ten minutes earlier than his opponent. "See, you," said he, "now I have used my legs and shown you how to run, and I should like the prize you promised."

The king was disgusted, and his daughter not less, that a common soldier should carry off the prize, and they consulted together how they should get rid of him and his companions.

At last the king said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear. I have found a way to prevent their return."

Then he called to the six travelers, and, saying to them, "You must now eat and drink and be merry," he led them into a room with a floor of iron, doors of iron, and the windows guarded with iron bars. In the room was a table set with choice delicacies, and the king invited them to enter and refresh themselves,

and as soon as they were inside he locked and bolted all the doors.

That done, he summoned the cook and commanded him to keep a fire lighted beneath till the iron was red-hot. The cook obeyed, and the six champions, sitting at table, soon began to feel warm, and at first thought it arose from eating; but as it kept getting warmer and warmer they rose to leave the room and found the doors and windows all fast.

Then they perceived that the king had some wicked design in mind, and wished to suffocate them.

"But he shall not succeed!" cried the man with the hat. "I will summon such a frost as shall put out this fire." So saying, he put his hat on straight and immediately such a frost fell that all the heat disappeared, and even the meats upon the dishes began to freeze.

HOW SIX TRAVELED

When two hours had passed the king thought the six travelers would be stifled, and he caused the door to be opened and went in himself to look at them. But as soon as the door was opened there stood all six, fresh and lively. They requested permission to come out to warm themselves, for the cold in the room had been so intense that all the dishes were frozen !

In a great passion the king went down to the cook and scolded him, and asked why he had not obeyed his instructions.

The cook, however, pointing to the fire, said, "There is heat enough there, I should think." And the king was obliged to own there was, and he saw clearly that he should not be able to get rid of his visitors in that way. He now began to think afresh how he could free himself, and he caused the master to be

summoned, and said: "Will you not take money and give up your right to my daughter? If so, you shall have as much as you wish."

"Well, my lord king," replied the man, "just give me as much as my servant can carry, and you are welcome to keep your daughter."

This answer pleased the king very much, and our hero said that he would come and fetch the sum in fourteen days.

During that time he collected all the tailors in the kingdom and made them sew him a sack, which took all that time. As soon as it was ready the strong man who had uprooted the trees took the sack upon his shoulder and carried it to the king.

At the sight of him the king said, "What a powerful fellow this must be to carry this great sack upon his shoulders!"

HOW SIX TRAVELED

and, sorely frightened, he wondered how much gold he would slip in.

The king, first of all, caused a ton of gold to be brought, which required sixteen ordinary men to lift; but the strong man, taking it up with one hand, shoved it into the sack, saying: "Why do you not bring more at a time? This scarcely covers the bottom of the sack."

Then by degrees the king caused all his treasures to be brought, which the strong man put in, and yet they did not half fill his sack. "Bring more, more!" said he. "These are only a couple of crumbs."

Then they were obliged to bring seven thousand wagons laden with gold, and all these the man pushed into his sack—gold, wagons, oxen, and all. Still it was not full, and the strong man offered to take whatever they brought, if they would but fill his sack.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

When everything that they could find was put in, the man said, "Well, I must make an end to this; and, besides, if one's sack is not quite full, why it can be tied up so much the easier!" So saying, he hoisted it upon his back and went away, and his companions with him.

When the king saw this one man bearing away all the riches of his kingdom, he flew into a tremendous passion and ordered his cavalry to pursue the six men, and at all risks to bring back the strong man with the sack.

Two regiments accordingly pursued the men quickly, and shouted out to them: "You are our prisoners! Lay down the sack of gold, or you will be hewn to pieces!"

"What is that you are saying?" asked the blower; "you will make us prisoners? But first you shall have a dance in the

HOW SIX TRAVELED

air!" So saying, he blew the two regiments right away into the blue sky, so that one flew over the hills on the right side and the other on the left.

One sergeant begged for mercy. He had nine wounds, and was a brave fellow, undeserving of such disgrace. So the blower sent after him a gentle puff which brought him back without harming him, and then sent him back to the king with a message that, whatever number of knights he might yet send, all would be blown into the air like the first lot.

When the king heard this message, he said: "Let the fellows go! They will meet with their deserts!"

So the six companions took home the wealth of that kingdom and, sharing it with one another, lived contentedly all the rest of their days.



THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time a poor girl was traveling through a wood. Just as she got to the middle of it she found herself in the power of a ferocious band of robbers. All at once they sprang out of the brushwood and came toward her, but she jumped out of her cart in terror and hid herself behind a tree.

As soon as the robbers had disappeared with their booty she came from her hiding-place and, seeing her great misfortune, began to cry bitterly and said to herself: "What shall I do now, a

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD

poor girl like me? I cannot find my way out of the wood. Nobody lives here, and I must perish with hunger." She looked about for a road, but could not find one. When evening came she sat down under a tree and, commending herself to God, determined to remain where she was, whatever might happen.

She had not sat there long before a little white pigeon came flying toward her, carrying in his beak a small golden key. The bird put the key into the girl's hand and said: "Do you see yon great tree? Within it is a cupboard which is opened with this key, and there you will find food enough, so that you need not suffer hunger any longer."

The girl went to the tree and, unlocking it, found pure milk in a jug and white bread to break into it. Of these she made a good meal. When she had

finished, she said to herself, "At home now the cocks and hens are gone to roost, and I am so tired I should like to go to bed myself."

In a moment the pigeon flew up, bringing another gold key in his bill, and said: "Do you see yon tree? Open it and you will find a bed within!"

The girl opened the tree, and there stood a little white bed. After saying her prayers and asking God's protection during the night, she went to sleep.

In the morning the pigeon came for the third time, bringing another key, with which he told the girl to open a certain tree, and there she would find plenty of clothes. When she did so she found dresses of all kinds ornamented with gold and precious stones, as beautiful as any princess could desire.

And here in this place the maiden



dwelt for a time. Every day the pigeon brought her what she needed, and it was a very quiet and peaceful life.

One day, however, the pigeon came and asked the maiden whether she would do an act of love for him.

"With all my heart!" was her reply.

"I wish you, then," said the pigeon, "to come with me to a little cottage, and to go into it. There on the hearth you will see an old woman, who will say, 'Good day!' But for my sake give her no answer, let her do what she will; but go past her right hand, and you will see a door, which you must open, and pass into a room, where upon a table will lie a number of rings of all descriptions, among them several with glittering stones. Leave them alone, and look for a plain one which will be there, and bring it to me as quickly as possible."

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD

The maiden thereupon went to the cottage and stepped in. There sat an old woman, who made a wry face when she saw her, but said, "Good day, my child!"

The maiden made no answer, but went toward the door.

"Whither are you going?" cried the woman; "that is my house, and nobody shall enter it unless I wish!" and she tried to detain the maiden by catching hold of her dress. But the maiden silently loosened herself and went into the room, and saw the heap of rings upon the table, which glittered and shone before her eyes. She threw them aside and searched for the plain ring, but could not find it; and while she searched she saw the woman slip in and take up a bird cage, with which she made off.

The maid pursued her, and took the

bird cage away from her. As she looked at it she saw the ring in the bill of the bird which was in the cage. She took the ring and ran home, joyfully expecting the white pigeon would come and fetch the ring, but he did not. So she leaned back against the tree and waited for the bird; but presently the tree became weak and yielding, and its branches began to droop.

All at once the boughs bent round and became two arms; and as the maiden turned, the tree became a handsome man, who embraced and kissed her, saying: "You have saved me from the power of the old woman, who is an evil witch. She changed me into a tree long ago, and every day I became a white pigeon for a couple of hours; but so long as she had possession of the ring I could not regain my human form."

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD

Thereupon his servants and horses recovered also from the enchantment, for they likewise had been changed into trees! And once more they accompanied their master to his kingdom (for he was a king's son), and there he married the maiden, and they lived happily ever afterwards.



THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK

A TAILOR and a goldsmith were walking one evening, and when the sun had sunk behind the hills they heard the sound of distant music, which became clearer and clearer. The music was so bright and lively that, forgetting their weariness, the two walked on and on.

The moon had risen when they arrived at a hillock, on which they saw a

THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK
number of little men and women, who
had joined hands and were whirling
round in a dance with great spirit and
delight, singing in the sweetest manner
possible, and making the music which
the travelers had heard.

In the middle stood an old man, taller
than the others, who wore a coat of
many colors and had an iron-gray beard
that reached down to his waist.

The two stopped, full of wonder, and
were looking at the dancers, when the
old man beckoned to them to join the
circle, which opened readily to receive
them. The goldsmith stepped in; but
the tailor feeling shy at first, held back,
till, seeing how merry the circle was, he
took heart and also joined in the dance.

The circle closed again directly, and
the little folk began to sing and dance
in the wildest manner, while the old

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

man, taking a broad-bladed knife which hung at his girdle, sharpened it, and when it was fit looked round at the strangers.

They became frightened, but they had no time to consider; for the old man, seizing the goldsmith and then the tailor, quickly shaved off both their beards and hair.

They were no longer afraid when the old man, having done his work, tapped them both on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say that he was pleased with them. Then he pointed with his finger toward a heap of coals which stood on one side, and showed them by signs that they should fill their pockets with them. Both obeyed, though neither of them could see of what service the coals would be to them. Then they went on to find a night's lodging.

THE PRESENTS OF THE LITTLE FOLK

As they came to the next valley a church clock struck twelve, and at the same moment the singing ceased, the hill lay alone in the moonshine, and the little men and women sank out of sight.

The two found a shelter, and, making a straw couch, each of them covered himself with his coat, but they forgot to take the coals out of their pockets. A heavy weight pressed upon their limbs more than usual, and when they awoke in the morning and emptied their pockets, they could not trust their eyes, for they saw that they were filled not with coals but with pure gold. Their hair and beards had also grown to their former length during the night.

They were now quite rich, but the goldsmith was half again as rich as the tailor, because he was greedy and had put more coals in his pockets.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Now the more a miserly man gets, the more he wants, and so the goldsmith, after a day or two, asked the tailor to go with him and get more gold from the old man of the mountain.

The tailor refused, saying, "I have enough, and am satisfied. Now I will marry, and be a happy man."

In the evening the goldsmith took two bags and set out on his road to the hillock. He found the little folk singing and dancing, as before. The old man, looking at him with a smile, treated him the same as before, and pointed to the heap of coals.

The goldsmith made haste to fill his pockets, and then went home in high glee and went to bed covered with his coat. "Although the gold is very heavy," said he to himself, "I will bear it patiently," and so he went to sleep in the



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

sweet belief that in the morning he would awake a rich man.

Judge, therefore, his surprise, when, in the morning, he searched in his pockets and drew out only black coals! He ran to the pile of gold he had been given on his first visit to the little old man, and was filled with rage on finding it also turned to coal. He beat his forehead with his dirty hands, and then found out that his whole head was bald and smooth!

The good tailor, who then awoke, comforted the unhappy man as much as he could, and told him that since he had been his companion during his travels he would share his treasure and remain with him.

The tailor kept his word; but the poor goldsmith never had any money of his own again, and for the rest of his life he had to cover his bald head with a wig.



THE WOLF AND THE MAN

A FOX once told a wolf many tales of the wonderful strength of men, because of which no beasts could stand against them, but were obliged to use cunning.

The wolf replied, "If I ever happen to meet a man, I will fly at him."

"Well," replied the fox, "I can help you to that; only come with me early tomorrow morning, and I will show you one."

Early the next day the wolf appeared, and the fox took him to the road which the hunters passed every day. First came an old discharged soldier.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"Is that a man?" asked the wolf.

"No," replied the fox; "he has been one."

Next came a boy going to school.

"Is that a man?" asked the wolf.

"No," said the fox; "he will be one."

Then came a hunter, his gun upon his back, and his wood-knife by his side.

The fox said to the wolf, "See, here comes a man upon whom you must spring; but I will first take myself off into my hole."

The wolf made a spring at the hunter, who, when he saw it, said to himself, "It is a pity I did not load with ball." But he took aim and shot at the beast's head. The wolf made a very wry face, but still went boldly forward, and the hunter fired another shot. The wolf, suppressing the pain, now rushed on the hunter, who drew his long sharp wood-knife and



THE WOLF AND THE MAN

gave the beast a couple of cuts right and left, so that he fell over and lay howling on the ground, where the hunter left him.

Soon the fox came. "Now, Brother Wolf," said the fox, "how have you fared with a man?"

"Oh," replied the wolf, "the man himself did not hurt me, but he took a stick from his shoulder and blew into it, and out flew something in my face which tickled it. Then he puffed again into this stick, and there came in my face a shower like hail and lightning; and as I drew quite near, he drew out a naked bone from his body and beat me with it till I fell, as if dead, before him."

"Ah," said the fox, "what a boaster you are! You know very little about men, although you have had such an opportunity to learn."



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE were once a fisherman and his wife who lived in a hut close by the sea.

The man was fishing one day when, to his surprise, a large fish spoke to him as he was trying to take it from the hook.

“Put me back into the water, I beg,” said the fish. “Do not kill me. I am not a flounder, as you suppose, but a prince who is under an evil enchantment.”

“Oho!” said the fisherman, “You need not make so many words about it.

I do not care to catch talking fish, so swim away as fast as you like."

The fish darted out of sight in a moment, and the man went home to tell his wife all about the strange affair.

"Did you not ask him for something before you let him go?" asked the wife, who was a greedy woman.

"No," answered the husband; "pray what should I ask of a fish, or a prince, whichever he might be?"

"Oh!" said his wife, "here we live in this wretched hovel, and you never thought to ask him for a cottage. Prince or flounder, he would have given you that to be freed from the hook. Go back at once and see if you can catch him again, and if you do, tell him we want a cottage."

The fisherman did not like such business, but it was of no use to oppose his

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

wife, so he went back to the edge of the water and called:

“O Man of the Sea,
Prithee, hearken to me!
My wife, Ilsabill,
Must have her own will
And sends me to beg a boon of thee.”

The fish swam to the edge of the water and asked, “What is your wife’s wish?”

“Oh,” replied the fisherman, “she says that when I caught you I should have asked for something before I let you go, and then I need not have bothered you to come back. I have come to tell you that she does not like the place where we are living. She wants a neat little cottage.”

The fish said at once: “You may go home. She already has a cottage.”

And, true enough, when the fisherman

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

went home his wife stood in the door of a tidy cottage.

"Come in, come in," said Ilsabill. "Here are a parlor, a bedchamber, and a kitchen. Come this way and see the garden, with all sorts of fruit and flowers, and back of the garden there is a yard full of ducks and chickens."

"That is good," said the husband. "We shall live happily now."

"We will try to make the best of the place, such as it is," answered the wife. And for two weeks the woman made little complaint, but one morning she said: "Husband, you must see that we have too little room here. The garden, the court, the parlor—everything is too small for comfort. I want a large stone castle. Go again to that talking fish and tell him he must give us what we need."

"I do not like to go to him again. He



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

may be angry with us, and I myself think we ought to be happy in this pretty cottage."

"Nonsense," said Ilsabill. "He will grant our request quite willingly and esteem us the more highly because of our good taste. Now go along and try it, anyway."

With a heavy heart the husband set forth once more to ask a favor of the fish.

While he waited at the edge of the water he noticed that the waves were dark instead of sparkling as on the day he caught the flounder, but he had not waited long before the fish came in sight, although a long way off. He called, however:

"O Man of the Sea,
Prithee, hearken to me!
My wife, Ilsabill, must have her own way,
Whatever I will, whatever I say."

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

"Now, what do you want?" asked the fish.

"Alas," said the husband, "my wife asks for a big stone castle."

"Go home again," said the fish. "She is already at the door of her castle."

Then the man went away, fearing in his heart that he would find no home, but when he walked up the path, there his wife stood on the steps of a handsome stone castle.

Together they entered a great hall paved with marble. Servants stood waiting to open doors into large rooms, the walls of which were hung with many colored tapestries. Tables and chairs of shining gold stood about on floors covered with velvet carpets. Glittering chandeliers hung from the ceilings, and in the great dining-hall tables were spread with every kind of dainty food.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Outside the castle there was a park in which deer and antelopes ran about unafraid.

"Now," said the proud woman, "is not this worth having?"

"Oh, yes," said her husband. "Now we will live in this palace and be contented."

"We will think about that," answered the wife.

Their bedroom was more gorgeous than anything they had ever seen. In the morning, while her husband still slept, Ilsabill looked about with displeasure. Calling her husband, she said: "Just peep out at that window. All that we can see is ours. You might be king of this whole land."

"I do not wish to be king," answered the weary fisherman.

"Ah," said Ilsabill, "if thou wilt not

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

be king, then I must reign alone. Go at once to that flounder and tell him my wish."

"Alas! wife, why dost thou wish to be queen?" asked her husband.

"Why not? Go thou must, and at once, for I will be queen."

The fisherman was very unhappy, but he went to do his wife's bidding. When he reached the sea it was very dark, rough, and angry looking, but he stood at the edge of the water and called:

"O Man of the Sea,
Prithee, hearken to me!
My wife, Ilsabill, must have her own way,
Whatever I do or whatever I say."

"What does she want now?" asked the flounder.

"Woe is me!" answered the fisherman. "She wants to be queen."

"Go back to her. She is already queen," replied the flounder.

The man went back, but when he reached the palace it had grown so much larger that he thought he was dreaming. A sentry stood at the door; soldiers were marching about beating drums and blowing trumpets. Everything inside the palace was more gorgeous than the castle—marble pillars, velvet hangings with gold fringe, servitors to obey every command! What wonder that the man stood in amazement, until the doors of the grand salon were opened? There sat his wife on a lofty throne of gold. She wore a crown of gold, and held a scepter of gold in her hand. On each side of the throne stood rows of beautiful maidens. All this pomp caused the husband to stand abashed before royalty. At last he found voice to say, "Alas! wife, art thou queen?"

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

“Yes,” she replied haughtily; “now I am queen.”

Her husband was speechless for a moment before saying: “It is a fine thing for you to be queen. Now we need wish for nothing more.”

“Nay,” she answered wearily. “I find time hangs heavily on my hands. It would be better for me to be empress! Go thou to that flounder and say that to be queen is not enough. I must be empress.”

“Alas! wife, why dost thou wish to be empress?”

“It is enough that I wish it. Go thou to the flounder with my message.”

The man had to go, although he was frightened, and as he went slowly along he thought: “This cannot end well. The flounder will be so angry that he will punish us.”

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

When he arrived at the shore he found the sea looking very angry, heaving great dark waves and tossing to and fro as the keen wind blew over it. But fearing his wife more than any ocean storm, he plucked up his courage and called as before:

“O Man of the Sea,
Prithee, hearken to me!
My wife, Ilsabill, will have her own way,
Whatever I do or whatever I say.”

“What does she want now?” asked the flounder.

“Alas! my wife wishes to be empress.”

“Go back,” answered the flounder.

“She is empress.”

So the fisherman returned and found a palace built of polished marble. Alabaster figures and golden decorations were on every side. Soldiers marched about beating drums and blowing trum-

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

pets. Within the spacious halls counts, barons, dukes, and princes waited for uniformed attendants to usher them into the presence of the empress.

The dazed fisherman followed the crowd of lords and ladies and, as if in a dream, saw his wife seated upon a throne made of gold. On her head was a golden crown set with diamonds and other precious stones. In one hand she held the scepter of royalty, while in the other rested the ball of empire. Gentlemen-at-arms stood in rows on both sides of the throne. Although princes and dukes surrounded the woman, her husband pressed forward and ventured to ask, "Wife, art thou indeed empress?"

"Yes," said she; "now I am empress."

"And art thou better off for being empress?" her husband meekly asked.

The woman spoke more peevishly than

became one of such rank, "Certainly being empress is finer than being only a queen, but I have further wishes."

"I hoped thou would'st be contented now," responded her husband.

"I will think about that," said the haughty woman.

Next morning, when the dawn reddened the sky, the fisherman's wife—now empress—looked out of the palace window. Seeing the sun just rising, she exclaimed: "Why should I not be lord of the universe? I will have the sun and moon rise at my bidding." Whereupon she shook the fisherman out of his sleep, saying: "Wake this instant and go to that flounder and say I will be lord of the universe. Make haste! make haste! I cannot wait another hour."

Her husband fell on his knees before her and begged her to control herself, but his

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

hesitation only angered her and she shrieked: "Go! do my will! I shall not have a minute's happiness until the sun, moon, and stars are mine to command."

So the fisherman went out into the storm. Houses and trees fell before the hurricane. Mountains reeled, rocks tumbled into the sea. The sky became black as pitch, thunder crashed, lightning blazed and tore the clouds asunder, the sea cast its waves upon the shore like platoons of charging armies, but the fisherman dared not return to his wife with her commands disobeyed. So he braced himself as well as he could and called:

"O Man of the Sea,
Prithee, hearken to me!
My wife, Ilsabill,
Must have her own will,
Whatever I do and whatever I say.
I must beg a boon of thee."

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"What does she want now?" asked the flounder, as he was borne upon the crest of a great wave.

"I'm sorry to ask such a boon," answered the trembling fisherman, "but she demands the control of the universe."

"Enough," replied the flounder. "Return to her. She is in the hovel, where she belongs."

And there she is to this day, without doubt.



HANS IN LUCK

HANS had served his master seven years, and at the end of that time he said to him, "Master, since my time is up, I should like to go home to my mother; so give me my wages, if you please."

His master replied, "You have served me truly and honestly, Hans, and as your service was good your reward shall be great." With these words he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans took his handkerchief out of his pocket and, wrapping the gold in it, threw it over his shoulder and set

out on the road toward his native village. As he went along, carefully setting one foot to the ground before the other, a horseman came in sight, trotting gayly and briskly along upon a beautiful animal.

"Ah," said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing that riding is. One is seated, as it were, upon a stool, kicks against no stones, spares one's shoes, and gets along without any trouble!"

The rider, overhearing Hans making these reflections, stopped and said, "Why, then, do you travel on foot, my fine fellow?"

"Because I am forced to," replied Hans, "for I have got a bit of a lump to carry home. It certainly is gold, but then I can't carry my head straight, and it hurts my shoulder."

"If you like we will exchange," said

HANS IN LUCK

the rider. "I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," cried Hans; "but I tell you fairly you undertake a very heavy burden."

The man dismounted, took the gold, helped Hans onto the horse, and, giving the reins into his hands, said, "Now, when you want to go faster you must chuckle with your tongue and cry, 'Gee up! gee up!'"

Hans was delighted indeed when he found himself on a horse, riding along so freely and gayly. After a while he thought he should like to go rather quicker, and so he cried, "Gee up! gee up!" as the man had told him. The horse soon set off at a hard trot, and before Hans knew what he was about he was thrown over head and heels into a ditch which divided the fields from the

road. Having accomplished this feat, the horse would have bolted off if he had not been stopped by a peasant who was coming that way, driving a cow before him.

Hans soon picked himself up on his legs, but he was terribly put out, and said to the countryman: "That is bad sport, that riding, especially when one mounts such a beast as this, which stumbles and throws one off so as nearly to break one's neck. I will never ride the animal again. Give me your cow. One may walk behind her without any discomfort, and besides one has milk, butter, and cheese every day. Ah! what would I not give for such a cow!"

"Well," said the peasant, "such an advantage you may soon enjoy. I will exchange my cow for your horse."

To this Hans consented with a thousand thanks, and the peasant, swinging

HANS IN LUCK

himself upon the horse, rode off in a hurry.

Hans now drove his cow off steadily before him, thinking of his lucky bargain in this wise: "I have a bit of bread, and I can, as often as I please, eat with it butter and cheese; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and have a draft. What more can I desire?"

As soon, then, as he came to an inn he halted, and ate with great satisfaction all the bread he had brought with him for his noonday and evening meals, and washed it down with a glass of beer, to buy which he spent his last two farthings. This over, he drove his cow farther, but still in the direction of his mother's village.

The heat, meantime, became more and more oppressive as noon approached, and just then Hans came to a common which

was an hour's journey across. Here he got into such a state of heat that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he thought to himself, "This will never do; I will milk my cow, and refresh myself." He therefore tied the cow to a stump of a tree, and, having no pail, placed his leathern cap below and set to work, but not a drop of milk could he squeeze out. He had placed himself, too, very awkwardly, and at last the impatient cow gave him such a kick on the head that he tumbled over on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was.

Fortunately, not many hours after, a butcher passed by, trundling a young pig along upon a wheelbarrow.

"What trick is this?" exclaimed he, helping up poor Hans; and Hans told him all that had passed.

HANS IN LUCK

The butcher then handed him his flask and said: "There, take a drink. It will revive you. Your cow might well give no milk; she is an old beast and worth nothing at the best but for the plow or the butcher!"

"Eh! eh!" said Hans, pulling his hair over his eyes, "who would have thought it? It is all very well when one can kill a beast like that at home and make a profit of the flesh. But for my part I have no relish for cow's flesh; it is too tough for me! Ah! a young pig like yours is the thing that tastes best, let alone the sausages!"

"Well now, for love of you," said the butcher, "I will make an exchange and let you have my pig for your cow."

"Heaven reward you for your kindness!" cried Hans; and, giving up the cow, he untied the pig from the barrow

and took into his hand the string with which it was tied.

Hans walked on again, considering how everything had happened just as he wished, and how all his vexations had turned out for the best after all!

Presently a boy carrying a fine white goose under his arm overtook him, and after they had said "Good day" to each other Hans began to talk about his luck and what profitable exchanges he had made. The boy on his part told Hans that he was carrying the goose to a christening feast.

"Just lift it," said he to Hans, holding it up by its wings; "just feel how heavy it is. Why, it has been fattened up for the last eight weeks, and whoever bites it when it is cooked will have to wipe the grease from each side of his mouth!"



Blanche Fisher Laile

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

"Yes," said Hans, weighing it with one hand, "it is weighty, but my pig is no trifle either."

While he was speaking the boy kept looking about on all sides and shaking his head suspiciously, and at length he broke out: "I am afraid it is not all right about your pig. In the village, through which I have just come, one has been stolen, and I am very much afraid you have it now in your hand! They have sent out several people, and it would be a bad job for you if they found you with the pig. The best thing you can do is to hide it in some dark corner!"

Honest Hans was thunderstruck and exclaimed: "Ah, heaven help me in this fresh trouble! You know the neighborhood better than I do. You take my pig and let me have your goose," said he to the boy.

HANS IN LUCK

“I shall have to hazard something at that game,” replied the boy, “but still I do not wish to be the cause of your meeting with misfortune.” So saying, he took the rope into his own hand and drove the pig off quickly by a side path, while Hans, lightened of his cares, walked on homewards with the goose under his arm.

“If I judge rightly,” thought he to himself, “I have gained even by this exchange. First, there is the good roast; then the quantity of fat which will drip out will make goose broth for a quarter of a year; and then there are the fine white feathers—when once I have put them into my pillow I warrant I shall sleep well. What pleasure my mother will have!”

As he came to the last village on his road there stood a knife-grinder, with

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

his barrow by the hedge, whirling his wheel round and singing:

"Scissors and razors and suchlike I grind,
And gayly my rags are flying behind."

Hans stopped and looked at him, and at last he said, "You appear to have a good business, if I may judge by your merry song."

"Yes," answered the grinder, "this business has a golden bottom! A true knife-grinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket feels money in it! But what a fine goose you have. Where did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it at all," said Hans, "but took it in exchange for my pig."

"And the pig?"

"I exchanged for my cow."

"And the cow?"

"I exchanged a horse for her."

“And the horse?”

“For him I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.”

“And the gold?”

“That was my wages for seven years’ servitude.”

“And I see you have known how to benefit yourself each time,” said the grinder; “but could you now manage to hear the money rattling in your pocket as you walked, your fortune would be made.”

“Well! how shall I manage that?” said Hans.

“You must become a grinder like me. To this trade nothing peculiar belongs but a grindstone; the other necessities find themselves. Here is one which is a little worn, certainly, and so I will not ask anything more for it than your goose. Are you agreeable?”

"How can you ask me?" said Hans. "Why, I shall be the luckiest man in the world. Having money as often as I dip my hand into my pocket, what have I to care about any longer?" So saying he handed over the goose and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the grinder, picking up an ordinary big flint stone which lay near; "now, there you have a capital stone, upon which only beat them long enough and you may straighten all your old nails. Take it and use it carefully!"

Hans took the stone and walked on with a satisfied heart, his eyes glistening with joy. "I must have been born," said he, "to a heap of luck! Everything happens just as I wish, as if I were a Sunday child."

Soon, however, having been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel

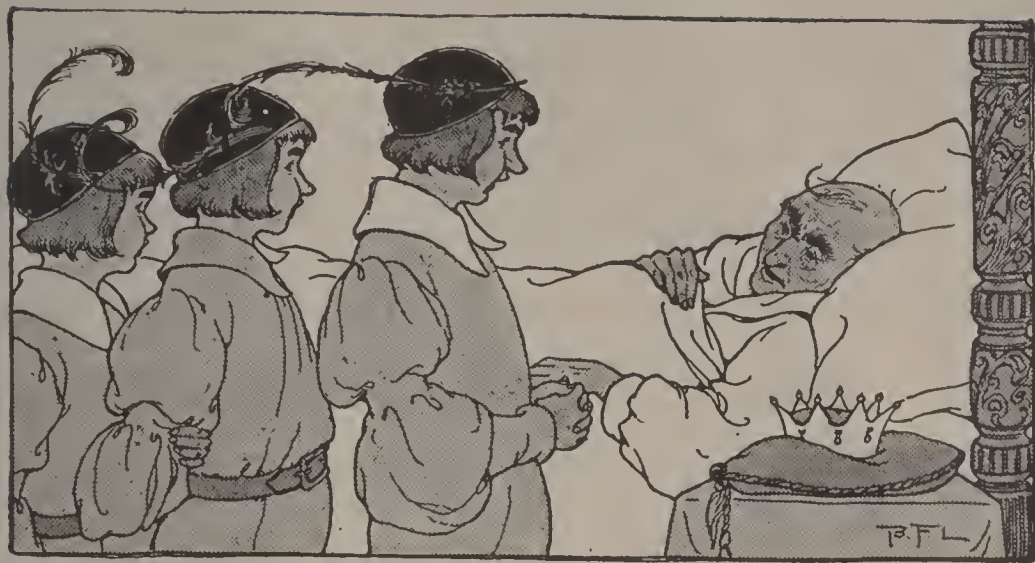
very tired, and was plagued, too, with hunger, since he had eaten all his provision at once in his joy about the cow bargain. At last he felt quite unable to go farther, and was forced to halt every minute, for the stones encumbered him very much.

Just then the thought came to him, what a good thing it would be if he had no need to carry them any longer; and at the same moment he came to a stream. Here he resolved to rest and refresh himself with a drink, and so that the stones might not hurt him in kneeling he laid them carefully down by his side on the bank. This done, he stooped down to scoop up some water in his hand, and then it happened that he pushed one stone a little too far, so that both presently went plump into the water. As soon as Hans saw them sinking to the

bottom he jumped up for joy, and then kneeled down and returned thanks, with tears in his eyes, that so mercifully, and without any act on his part, he had been delivered from the heavy stones, which alone hindered him from getting on.

“No other man under the sun,” exclaimed Hans, “is so lucky as I am.”

Then with a light heart, and free from every burden, he leaped gayly along until he reached his mother's house.



THE THREE SLUGGARDS

THE king of a country a long way off had three sons. He liked one as well as another, and did not know which to leave his kingdom to after his death ; so when he was dying he called them all to him, and said, "Dear children, the laziest sluggard of the three shall be king after me."

"Then," said the eldest, "the kingdom is mine ; for I am so lazy that when I lie down to sleep, if anything were to fall

THE THREE SLUGGARDS

into my eyes so that I could not shut them, I should still go on sleeping.”

The second said, “Father, the kingdom belongs to me; for I am so lazy that when I sit by the fire to warm myself, I would sooner have my toes burnt than take the trouble to draw my legs back.”

The third said, “Father, the kingdom is mine; for I am so lazy that if I were going to be hanged, with the rope round my neck, and somebody were to put a sharp knife into my hands to cut it, I had rather be hanged than raise my hand to do it.” When the father heard this, he said, “You shall be the king; for you are the fittest man.”

